

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**NEW WAYS TO
DO THE FLOWERS**

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DISHES YOU'LL
REALLY ENJOY**

**TANIA'S
TRIUMPH**
Pages 3,7



Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

September 5, 1962

Registered in Australia for trans-
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RYVITA



Margo wears to perfection a delightful white sharkskin suit teamed with a stitched taupe and white sou'wester by Moray Millinery.

MAKES YOU FIT - KEEPS YOU SLIM

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 5, 1962

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Australian writer Margot Neville, whose new mystery, "Murder Beyond The Pale," continues on page 29, holds the record as our most-published author.

"MURDER BEYOND THE PALE" is the 14th Margot Neville book we have serialised.

Her murder mystery novels, with their two delightful detectives Grogan and Manning, are also very popular in Europe.

They have been translated into many languages. "Murder in a Blue Moon" is now appearing as a serial in Dutch, German, and Austrian magazines.

Recently "Murder of the Well-Beloved" (we published it in January, 1954) was a serial on a French radio network.

Another, "The Fateful Voyage," has just been translated into Hebrew and is on sale in Israeli bookshops.

And Margot Neville, in her charming house at Hornsby, N.S.W., has just packed off her 17th novel to her English publishers.

★ ★ ★

CACTUS-GROWERS Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Field, of Tennyson, Victoria, have written to tell us that a story about their unusual plant nursery in our May 9 issue made quite an impression (typical of cactus, isn't it?).

The Fields said our story prompted 153 letters from all over Australia and one from Vancouver, Canada.

Our cover

● Miss Australia, 21-year-old Tania Verstak, of Manly, N.S.W., who was recently crowned Miss International Beauty 1963 at Long Beach, California. With the title Tania won 10,000 dollars (£A4450), a wardrobe of clothes, and a diamond-studded wristlet watch. See interview with Tania's mother, page 7.

After her win Tania told one of our U.S. staff that she particularly wanted to send greetings to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly, which she avidly reads at home, misses overseas.

THE shift (we offer patterns this week on pages 37-40) is a new name for the sack, which Fashion Editor Betty Keep describes as "one of the decade's most controversial fashions."

Actually, the sack first caused a stir at least 300-odd years ago.

In the 17th century a new dress style came out in Paris and, as usually happens today, was soon the rage everywhere.

Famous English diarist Samuel Pepys mentions the "new" look in an entry.

In 1669 he wrote: "My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac . . ."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 5, 1962

"The most grateful Australian"

— That's what Tania Verstak has called herself since winning the title Miss International Beauty, 1963.



● Her dress on the contest stage at Long Beach, California, was the simplest. It was in heavy silk shantung. INSET: In a day dress embroidered with Australian wildflowers.

"TANIA WAS A TOMBOY" — PAGE 7

TV for two



TELEVISION personalities Bert Newton and Susan-Gaye Anderson, of GTV9 Melbourne, read congratulatory telegrams.

TV stars engaged

● A romance which kept the staff at GTV9 Melbourne on tenterhooks for weeks became official when eligible bachelor Bert Newton and pretty "Tarax Show" hostess Susan-Gaye Anderson (both 24) announced their engagement.

BERT is known all over Australia for his appearances on GTV9 national variety shows, first with Graham Kennedy, then in his own show, and recently in "The Best of IMT."

Susan-Gaye was born in Sydney, but has lived in Melbourne for many years. With "King Corky" (Geoff Cooke) and Gerry Gee, she is a favorite with Melbourne and Sydney children.

And she has, inevitably, been the "lovely heroine" in many films made at Channel 9 for the "Tarax Show."

Susan-Gaye has a wonderful way with children. She was given a specially warm greeting when the "Tarax Show" audience was told of her engagement.

Bert and Susan-Gaye plan to marry early next year. This year is out of the question — both have far too much work.

Susan-Gaye has chosen a pretty engagement ring — a single pearl encircled by 14 small diamonds.

"I love pearls and I love diamonds," she said. "This way I have both."

Bert and Susan-Gaye had known each other for nearly five years and had worked together constantly.

Suddenly romance blossomed. And GTV9 staff watched progress with interest.

Now, after five months of being "serious," Bert can say, "I never knew I could

By
Margaret Berkeley

be so happy." Susan-Gaye looks so happy you don't have to ask her how she feels.

They both enjoyed the hubbub of interviews and photographing that followed their announcement.

They had planned it all very carefully — they were determined to have an old-fashioned engagement.

At their request the channel put an embargo on the usual gossip items that courting couples in television are apt to get.

Although it was obvious romance was in the air, very little publicity was given to the couple.

It was, for instance, a regular thing to see Susan-

Gaye, off duty, sitting in 3AK's glass-windowed studio at Television City during Bert's announcing stints.

They became unofficially engaged more than a month ago, but waited until Susan-Gaye's birthday on August 19 to announce the event formally.

Knowing that they can't escape the limelight of a very public wedding, they wanted a quiet engagement.

"I've seen too many couples affected by too much publicity when they were starting to go out together," Bert said. "I didn't want it to happen to us."

Bert's mother, Mrs. G. I. Newton, and Susan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. de B. Anderson, and a few close friends were the only ones who knew.

On the Sunday night the engagement was announced Bert gave a clear hint to members of a studio audience who might not have heard the news.

Bert was "warming-up" the audience.

"If you don't clap loudly I might lose my job," he said, "and that wouldn't be too good for a young married man."

HOW TO BE

AN
INTERRUPTED
INTERVIEW
WITH
MRS. GULBENKIAN

By
FREDERICK SANDS,
in London

● "My husband is an Armenian and hates anything drab," said Marie Gulbenkian, wife of one of the most colorful characters in the world today.



"I NEVER serve the same dish twice in one month," says Marie Gulbenkian. She is his third wife.

HER husband, Nubar Sarkis Gulbenkian, is 6ft. tall, wears a wiry grey beard, an eyeglass, a waistcoat in red brocade, a fresh orchid in his buttonhole each day.

Outside their London home in the aristocratic district of St. James, two Rolls-Royces (his and hers) and a specially dolled-up London taxi wait side by side.

The taxi is known to every child—and every policeman—in town.

"It's so useful in heavy

traffic. Besides, they let him through in it everywhere he goes," Mrs. Gulbenkian said.

In Paris is a third Rolls with a glass roof—a little joke which cost £10,000.

But they are the kind of jokes the 66-year-old oil millionaire can quite easily afford.

His father, Calouste Gulbenkian, had an income of £5 million sterling a year. They called him "Mr. Five Per Cent." and "the richest man on earth." When he died in 1955 he left about £150 million.

If Nubar did not inherit it all — in fact, he had to

fight a number of years for his legal share — he had, nevertheless, enough millions in his pockets to fulfil his every dream.

"The exception," Mrs. Gulbenkian told me, "was when at the age of 16, after a quarrel with his father, he ran away from home to Hamburg with just £1 in his pocket."

"There he lived on £3 a month, teaching French and English and eating two bananas for his lunch."

"Papa Gulbenkian sent out several emissaries to bring him back, but without success, until his old tutor



HIS LONDON ROLLS-ROYCE is a shining monster. They have a specially converted London taxi for quick trips in the city. And in their Paris garage is a glass-roofed Rolls.

HAPPY WITH A MILLIONAIRE



"THE OBJECT OF LIFE is to enjoy it." Gulbenkian's cigar, monocle, orchid are part of the public image he delights in.



"HE HATES anything drab." Here he wears his uniform as Commercial Attache to the Persian Ambassador in London.



"I DON'T LET my work interfere with my fun," says the convivial Gulbenkian, "just as little as the other way round."

came and took him out to a lunch which began with caviare.

"That softened our Nubar after living on bananas, coffee, and rolls, and he was persuaded to go back home. Today he can't remember what the quarrel was about."

Father Gulbenkian did not believe in pampering his young son. At prep school he was given 3d a week pocket-money, the normal thing in those days.

"Nubar used to stand with his nose pressed against the window of a shop that had several rows of strawberry tarts, thinking that if he had the money he would buy and eat them all."

"The tragedy of life, of course, is that by the time you have the money you no longer want so many strawberry tarts."

Mrs. Gulbenkian looked up and added: "My husband strives determinedly not to deny himself a single pleasure."

"His philosophy is that the object of life is to enjoy it."

French-born Marie Gulbenkian is the third wife of the gay millionaire.

Triple locks

We were seated in the Gulbenkians' fortress-like flat on the sixth floor of Arlington House, a luxury apartment block a stone's throw from Piccadilly.

To foil burglars, triple locks have been installed there, and an elaborate system of alarms.

Mrs. Gulbenkian told me: "I am sick to death of being burgled. It has happened four times already, and now I have had enough."

A window corner of the

sitting-room is taken up by a large writing desk with two telephones. From this desk Gulbenkian watches over his millions.

He is also Commercial Attache to the Persian Embassy in London, but he prefers to discharge his diplomatic duties from the comfort of his home.

Cigar-boxes in all sizes stand about this room, for Gulbenkian has special after-breakfast cigars, after-luncheon cigars, after-tea cigars, and after-dinner cigars.

While Mrs. Gulbenkian and I sat talking he came into the room to get himself a cigar, and since it was only 4.30 chose one that was only 10in. long.

Mrs. Gulbenkian took the opportunity to show him a list of questions I had given her. Although they have been married 15 years she was not sure about some of the answers.

To my question: "What does your husband enjoy most?" Gulbenkian pointed a finger at his wife and said to me, smilingly: "Her."

Farther down the list he saw the questions: "What are his special (a) likes (b) dislikes?"

Gulbenkian snapped: "(a) food (b) arguments."

And to my question: "Can you define his attitude to money?" he replied simply: "I enjoy it."

The rest of the questions he left his wife to deal with.

"Is he always as witty and good-humored?" I asked Mrs. Gulbenkian. "Yes," she said, "if he is well fed and feeling fit. He is very difficult about his food, and we have to have a very high

standard to satisfy his special taste."

Then she told me: "We are both crazy on point-to-point racing and always take a three-course hot luncheon for a picnic."

"I never serve the same dish twice in one month, and when we go for a picnic we take with us a table and chairs, even a bowl of flowers for the table, and a butler to serve."

That orchid

"I even had special tablecloths made which don't blow away in the wind."

Whereas nothing Gulbenkian does would surprise anyone in Britain today, his appearance caused a sensation in ultra-conservative hunting circles not so long ago when it first became known that he wore an orchid in the buttonhole of his riding jacket.

My eyes fell on a picture of the Gulbenkians in their monstrous glass-top Rolls, and I asked Mrs. Gulbenkian what made her husband buy it.

"He found that closed-in motor-cars gave him claustrophobia," she said, "and after that wanted to buy an open car."

"I could not endure the thought of an open car, let alone what it would do to

my hair. It began to look as if in the future we would have to go on our trips in separate cars."

"Then Nubar had a brain-wave which solved both problems at once. He gave me the car as a birthday present."

The result resembles a fairy coach from a Disney fantasy, and never fails to attract a crowd wherever it stands parked.

Mrs. Gulbenkian revealed to me that her husband has recently started writing his autobiography.

"It was the greatest surprise to me when he started to dictate hours on end into a dictating machine. I am not told much about it, but I know he is hoping to finish it by the end of the year, and is planning to work fixed hours every day."

"I only know he wants to publish it in the way he speaks, which is why he is dictating it instead of writing it down."

When Gulbenkian speaks he chooses his words carefully, and they spout like oil through his full grey

beard, which makes him look and sound like an Old Testament prophet.

He also likes to quote old Latin proverbs. Ask him, for instance, his way of life, and he will smilingly answer, first in Latin, followed up with the translation: "I see and approve the better things, but I follow the worse."

If he speaks of his late father, for whom he had a great respect, fear, affection, and veneration, he at once recalls a notice his father put on his desk when he began to work for him. It read: "There is no fun like work."

Today Gulbenkian says: "I don't let my work interfere with my fun—just as little as the other way round."

Of Armenians, he says: "One Armenian is worth 10 Englishmen. But 10 Armenians are not worth one Englishman. The reason is we cannot unite. We are all individualists."

And of his wives: "Marie said she would divorce me if I didn't compromise about the roof of our car, and I did not want another divorce, as I have already had two."

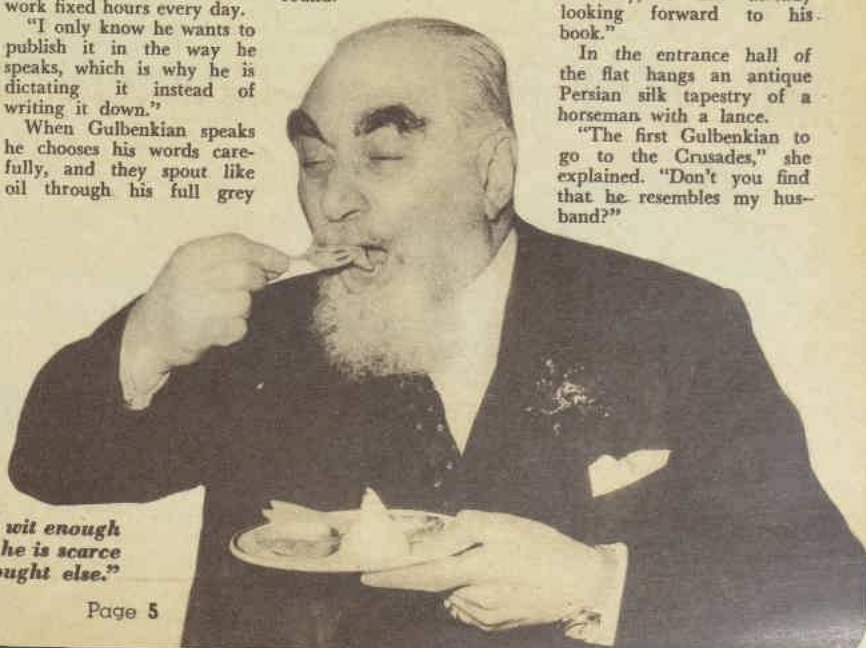
"My first two wives were good wives as wives go. And as wives go, they went."

If he speaks of children, he says: "Looking at my friends who have children makes me glad that I haven't any of my own."

When Mrs. Gulbenkian showed me to the door to say good-bye, she told me: "Frankly, I am already looking forward to his book."

In the entrance hall of the flat hangs an antique Persian silk tapestry of a horseman with a lance.

"The first Gulbenkian to go to the Crusades," she explained. "Don't you find that he resembles my husband?"



FULL OF FOOD AND WIT. Eating oysters at a "British Food Is Best" reception, Gulbenkian quoted Dr. Johnson: "If a man is not wit enough to care for his belly, then he is scarce wit enough to care for ought else."

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TRUE KING SIZE FLAVOUR

For True King Size flavour and full smoking satisfaction smoke Rothmans King Size Filter. Doubly smooth — the extra length plus the filter tip give you that cooler, smoother taste.

● "She is a good daughter... Beautiful?
To a mother, any daughter is beautiful,"
said Valentina Verstak.

"MY TANIA WAS A TOMBOY"

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

NOT so many years ago Valentina Verstak, mother of "Miss International Beauty 1963," used to be jealous of her friends. They all had such beautiful children — and her Tania was so skinny, so tomboyish, so "funny-looking."

"Tania was always in scuffles and fights and trouble at school," she recalls. "It was very hard to keep her looking tidy and presentable. Then, at 11, she changed and became shy, thoughtful, and very unconfident."

Mrs. Verstak looked at her daughter's most recent photograph, which was on the piano in the sitting-room of the family's flat in Manly. It had been radiogrammed from Long Beach, California, and showed a radiant Tania crowned with diamonds, winner of the 10,000-dollar (£4460) prize.

"I'm very proud now," the mother said. "Letters and cables and photographs of Tania come in from all over the world. Some of the letters are so touching and so nice about her that I nearly cry."

"But to me Tania is just Tania. She will still come to me with her problems and I will still advise her."

Mrs. Verstak is charming and gentle. As a girl she must have been just as beautiful as her elder daughter, and now in middle age a wise, serene look enhances her charm.

"My husband, Vladimir, and I are very old-fashioned strict parents with Tania and our younger daughter, Helen," said Mrs. Verstak. "My own upbringing as a Russian in China was very strict. Even when I was married I was not allowed to wear lipstick or to smoke in front of my parents."

"Tania was always popular with boys and girls, but we didn't allow her to wear lipstick or high heels or go out on dates until she was 15. [She was 11 when the family came to Australia.]

"Then we told her what we thought was good and what we considered bad in life

and that she could make her own decisions. If she made a bad decision she would harm only herself, but we would be behind her in everything."

Mrs. Verstak said she herself had to learn to "play the game" with Tania.

"I had to learn not to ask too many questions and to wait until she confided in us."

"Gradually she came to trust us as friends and would bring home any boy she went out with, and would later ask our opinion of him. She always ended up taking our advice."

Sometimes the Verstaks' opinion wasn't favorable. When Tania was 19 she went through a phase of using too much make-up; she would ask her parents what they thought of her appearance and they would say, "You look quite ugly."

At a charm school

When they encouraged her to go to Sydney University after getting her Leaving Certificate she chose instead to go to a charm school and take a job in a solicitor's office.

"After a few months' working she agreed with us and decided to go to the university," said Mrs. Verstak.

University life did a lot to kill Tania's inferiority complex.

"Although she had been so popular at school that the girls used to fight over who would sit next to her," said Mrs. Verstak, "she was very unconfident. They wanted her to be captain of Manly Girls' High School, but she refused, because she was so shy and scared."

"I even went to a doctor about her."

Because of this inferiority feeling Tania was urged by her parents to enter the "Miss University" contest.

Later she decided to stand for the "Miss Australia" contest, only through her desire to do something for the Spastic Centre, which sponsors the quest.



MRS. VERSTAK shows pictures of Tania, her elder daughter, at the age of five and as the crowned victor in the Miss International Beauty contest.

"She would never do anything for herself," said Mrs. Verstak. "She was always afraid that people would laugh at her."

"And suddenly she became Miss Australia — and now Miss International Beauty. She only went to California to try to win for Australia."

Tania's almost aggressive loyalty to Australia comes through in all her speeches and actions.

"I have always told Tania and Helen how lucky they are to have a country," said Mrs. Verstak. "Their father and I have never had a country till Australia. All our lives as White Russians in China we were stateless. And when you are stateless anyone can push you around."

The Verstaks were not surprised that Tania turned down lucrative film offers and offers to capitalise on her title.

"We have always impressed on her that money isn't everything," said Mrs. Verstak.

"If you marry, I used to advise her, 'you should try to find a nice and good person first. Then, perhaps, money will come later.'"

Mrs. Verstak said that Tania would rather go out with a student she liked and eat spaghetti than go out with a rich boy she didn't like.

Mr. and Mrs. Verstak have had enough ups and downs with money not to place over-much value on it. When they married in China they had very little.

"My husband bought me a ring with the first 100 dollars he earned," Mrs. Verstak

said. "It's my lucky ring, and Tania wore it in this latest contest."

"Later, in China, we had a good life. My husband had an import-export firm, a carpet factory, and a business of insulating material for building. He has now in Australia an insulating business."

"Just before the Communist revolution in China in 1948 we had a lot of money in overseas countries, thinking we would always be able to use it if anything happened in China, but before we could get out, when the revolution came, we had to recall all that money and give it over to the Chinese."

"We left there without a penny, but we were lucky. Lucky to have our freedom in Australia."

"The last reason"

"So money, for Tania, was the last reason she entered any of the beauty contests."

"She didn't even know what any of the prizes were," said Mrs. Verstak. "We were amazed when we found she'd won an air-conditioner in the 'Miss New South Wales' contest. We didn't know where to put it."

Throughout this interview the telephone was ringing constantly, and Mrs. Verstak politely dealt with congratulations and inquiries about her famous daughter.

"When Tania comes home," she said, "I want to have just one hour with her—alone. Just to be quiet with her again."

"Tania is a good daughter."

"Beautiful? To a mother, any daughter is beautiful."

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

● "Grow" a gardening book

Beginning in this issue our regular gardening feature will be presented on specially sized pages you can cut out and paste in an exercise book. In the first section—16 miniature pages, most of them illustrated in color, in which an expert begins to answer the questions home gardeners ask most.

● Fashion goes romantic

Romance is the keynote of spring fashions, from ball-gowns to peignoirs. Two color pages illustrate the trend toward femininity.

● £3000 recipes contest

There are full details of how to enter a fascinating, yet simple, new contest, in which all you have to do is test, and list in order of preference, six recipes for dishes using butter and cheese.

● Highlight your menus

The secret of the successful hostess is to make one dish on a menu really outstanding. In a special three-page section there are recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen for highlight dishes.



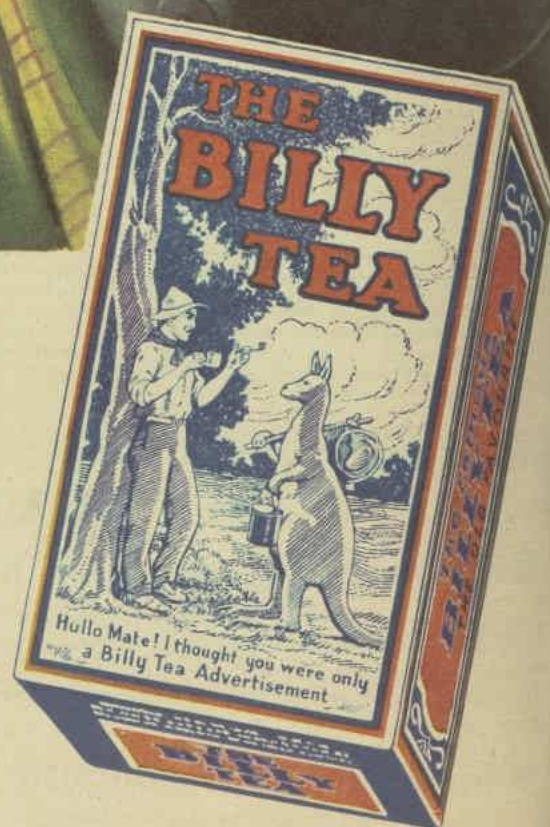
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BILLY TEA — PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIVING

THAI ROYAL TOUR BEGINS

All smiles...



... Serious, too



● Canberra's icy winds whipped her shiny black hair into her eyes and she shivered inside her full-length black diamond mink coat, but Queen Sirikit turned on her famous smile as she followed her husband, King Phumiphon, from their plane last Sunday.

THE Thai Royal couple were on the R.A.A.F. Station at Fairbairn, the first stop of their Australian tour.

Queen Sirikit's sleek coat, which looked worth a queen's ransom, topped a dress and jacket of white wool. There was just a fleeting glimpse of this Pierre Balmain model with braiding round the neckline and edges of the unbuttoned coat.

Her hat was a back-tipped white leather pillbox in the Jackie Kennedy style, and she wore five rows of pearls at the throat.

The tiny, five feet three and three-quarter inch Queen of Thailand, who doesn't even reach up to the shoulder of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, has the same fireproof poise of Royal women the world over.

Photographers crowded only feet away, but she smiled and chatted with Lady Brooks (wife of the Administrator of the Commonwealth, Sir Dallas Brooks), Dame Pattie and Mr. Menzies—apparently oblivious to the prying lenses.

Yet somehow she produced exactly the right angle of her profile for the waiting cameras. And almost always the charming, spontaneous smile lit up her olive-skinned face and her eyes.

What else does one of the 10 best-dressed women in the world wear for her first Royal appearance in Australia? A brown lizardskin bag, high-heeled plain pumps in a slightly iridescent shade of brown, squashed-to-the-wrist kid gloves, seamless stockings, and white pearl earrings set in silver and diamonds.

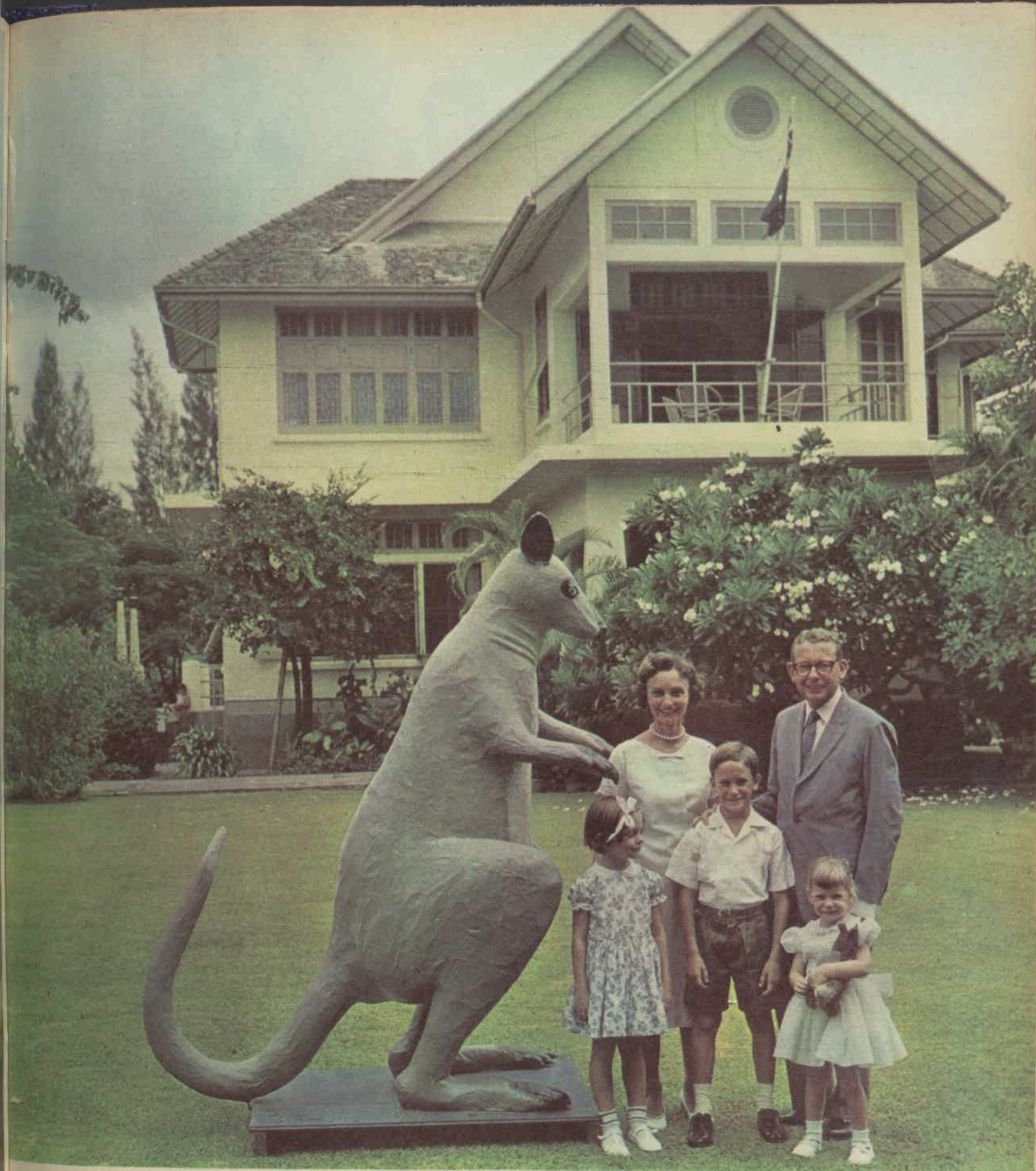
— PATRICIA BEST

HAY FEVER?

see the Spring through with a
packet of **KLEENEX*** tissues

Spring is such a lovely time—for some. But if the golden blooming of wattle turns you into a miserable, snivelling creature with sneezes, moist of eye and nose—stand by with a packet of Kleenex Tissues. You'll eliminate that endless hankie washing, and Kleenex Tissues are so soft, so strong, and so comforting to noses, you'll want to carry a packet with you everywhere. Easy to dispose of, too. You'll find them in four sizes—6d., 1/6, 2/-, 3/9.





KANGAROO IN THAILAND

● This 8ft.-tall papier-mache kangaroo is a familiar sight at charity fetes in Bangkok. Thai children pay five bahts (about 2/6) to dip into its pouch for toys contributed by the Australian Women's Group in Thailand. Last year the Group raised £1181 to help Thai charities. The kangaroo is pictured here at the Australian Embassy with the Ambassador to Thailand, Mr. Malcolm Booker, his wife, Roxana, and three children, Emily (6), David (7), and Margaret (3). Mr. and Mrs. Booker are now touring Australia with the Thai King and Queen. Picture was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow during his recent visit to Bangkok.

Wonderful News! Now a PERSONAL SUNLIGHT

The purest soap
in all the world
..made specially
for personal use

For years doctors have recommended Sunlight as the purest soap. Now all that famous gentleness is yours in Personal Sunlight. Personal Sunlight is mild enough for even a baby's tender skin, and so right for yours! Why not try it?



Sunlight — Famous for almost a century as the world's purest soap.



Personal Sunlight is pure! Little wonder, then, that it is wonderful for the hair. Use Personal Sunlight regularly and see your hair respond with new sheen, softness and vitality.

More doctors recommend Sunlight than any other soap



QUEEN SIRIKIT OF THAILAND pictured with (from left) Her Serene Highness Princess Vighavadi Rangit, Dame Pattie Menzies, Mr. Menzies, and Lady Brooks on her arrival at Fairbairn R.A.A.F. Station, Canberra, with King Phumiphon for their Australian visit. Both Queen Sirikit and Princess Vighavadi Rangit, her lady-in-waiting, wore full-length fur coats to guard against the icy Canberra winds.

IT'S nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Nelson down in Sydney again from their home in Hong Kong. They'll be staying in their Avalon house for the next few months, and schoolgirl daughters, Caroline and Christina, will have their first summer holiday in years, surfing and sunbathing on the beaches here instead of spending a wintry Christmas in Hong Kong.

The Nelsons had three weeks in Japan and Hawaii on their way to Australia. Believe that she flew in laden down with gifts for friends here, most of them from Hong Kong, of course, which, she says, is still a shoppers' paradise.

There's no chance of Mrs. Nelson forgetting Hong Kong while she's here. One of the first things she did after they arrived was inquire whether the TV series "Hong Kong" was showing here. They've never seen the show in Hong Kong and plan to watch it here just in case there's a glimpse of their home halfway up The Peak.

THERE won't be a cake with sixteen candles, but there will be little "favors" as the Americans say (presents to us) for all the guests at the sixteenth birthday luncheon of the American Women's Club on September 5 at the Hotel Metropole.

THE exquisite Brussels lace veil worn by Mary Brownless for her Melbourne wedding to James Triggs was worn by Napoleon III's wife, the Empress Eugene, in 1855. The groom's mother, the late Mrs. I. Triggs, of "Merri Merrigal," Lake Cargelligo, bought the veil in London in 1922.

A HOUSE in Lismore is ready and waiting for Gail and Robin Young when they return from their honeymoon in Queensland. They're driving north as far as Cairns, stopping off along the way. Gail is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Thompson.

GLAMOROUS dinner-table setting by Lady Taylor, of Bayview, was judged the winner at the luncheon and table-setting competition arranged by the Newport Auxiliary of the new Mona Vale Hospital last week.



OFFICIAL GUESTS. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. K. Urquhart arriving at Fairbairn for the welcome of the King and Queen of Thailand. Mrs. Urquhart kept warm in a fur hat and fur-trimmed coat.



ABOVE: Miss Jennifer Hill and Mr. John Saxby at the gala premiere of "Pie Price," held at the Metro Continental Theatre, Kings Cross, by the N.S.W. Division of the United Nations Association.



LEFT: The French Ambassador, M. Philippe Monod, with Commandant and Mrs. Louis Radisson after their wedding at St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral, Canberra. Commandant Radisson is Military Attaché at the French Embassy, and his wife is the former Mrs. Jacqueline Francois.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. John's Church, Wahroonga, are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graham. The bride was formerly Miss Heather Kerr, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kerr, of Wahroonga, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. M. Graham.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Meagher leave St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Thea Flynn, the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leo Flynn, of Bellevue Hill, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meagher, of Cootamundra.



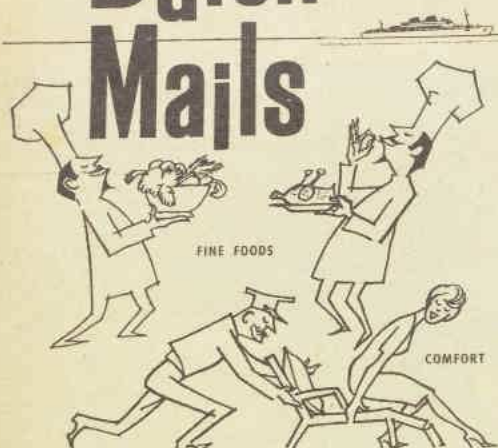
TRIO OF GUESTS (from left) Mrs. Stanley Thompson, Mrs. A. G. Sims, and Mrs. Boyd Lane admire one of the paintings in the art exhibition and luncheon arranged by the Town and Country committee at Jonah's Restaurant, Whale Beach, in aid of the Smith Family Fund.



GALA preview of "Windjammer" at the Plaza Theatre was the glamor event of the week. Arranged by a committee of the Australian Outward Bound Memorial Foundation, it was attended by more than 1000 guests. Among those present were, **AT LEFT**, Mr. Tony Wiesener and Miss Susan Buchanan, and, **pictured AT RIGHT**, Miss Serena Jamieson (left) with Mr. and Mrs. A. Pelly, of Bellevue Hill.



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For the "right" flavor:

CHEF MAY SPEND A YEAR ON ONE RECIPE

● A master chef who led America's winning team in the "Culinary Olympics" has been visiting Australia for an international food-canning company.

NO temperamental chef, Paul Laesecke is bespectacled and mild of manner, with a ready sense of humor.

German-born, and trained in German hotels, he has been an American citizen for more than 30 years.

He has spent 27 years in his present job, first in Pittsburgh, U.S.A., then visiting subsidiary companies all round the world.

Why does a master chef forsake the individual creations of the big hotel or restaurant for what seems, on the surface, the impersonal mass production of a big food-canning company?

Just as there are scientists who revel in pure research, there are chefs who find the painstaking arrival at the "right" recipe a fascinating business.

Finding a new recipe for baby food or soup needs a great deal of patience.

"We might spend up to 12 months on one recipe, making it over and over again," Mr. Laesecke said.

"In a restaurant you can toss in a little spice to make the dish just right," he said. "But this is cooking by grammes and milligrammes. Everything has to be weighed, everything recorded."

Eventually the recipe is produced in huge batches to fill 50,000 dozen cans.

Tasting

In Australia (this is his third visit) Mr. Laesecke finds special emphasis put on tasting.

"When I go home I feel as though I weigh 500lb.," he said. "My wife says it's from the Australian beer, but it's the tasting."

"One night I dreamt I was eating a 15lb. marshmallow. Next morning my pillow was gone."

We laughed together at his joke.

Production of canned foods varies in different countries. "It's a matter of taste," said Mr. Laesecke, who recently visited a new factory in Venezuela.

"Venezuelans like their food very sweet—they even put sugar in tomato juice. So we adjusted the recipe to suit their palates."

No recipe is the same in any country—except tomato

sauce and worcestershire sauce.

While Mr. Laesecke is modestly "one of the team" in his experimental work, in the competitive field he is a chef of international standing, with more trophies than he can count.

He has won the official prize of the American Hotel Association four times.

A past president of the American Culinary Federation of 6000 chefs, he is a foundation member of the Academy of Chefs.

He lectures trainee chefs, judges food competitions, appears on radio and TV, and is an honorary member of chefs' associations in Britain, Italy, and Germany.

Marathon

It took two months for Mr. Laesecke and his four-chef team to prepare for the "Culinary Olympics," held in Germany every four years.

They took to Frankfurt 3200lb. of food costing 10,000 dollars (about £A5000) from the United States.

Each team had to prepare 10 dishes for one person—egg, fish, meat, dessert, etc.—and for one person only, not one and a half.

His ice carvings are unbeaten in international competitions. Mr. Laesecke uses about 30 different tools, carving huge illuminated centrepieces for lavish buffets from 300lb. blocks of ice.

His achievements in ice (which melt in 10 hours or so) include a replica of Princess Margaret's wedding coach and eight horses.

It weighed 4400lb. "My wife didn't like the look on the face of one of the horses," he said, "so I actually made nine."

Mr. Laesecke's wife, Betty, is boss of the kitchen in their home in Pittsburgh.

"My wife makes the best kidney stew and the best French toast," he says with feeling. "She cooks very easily—no mess, no fuss."

"Only when we serve something special for guests do I help in the kitchen."

His son, Paul, 22, is following father's footsteps and is assistant manager of the officers' club at the Corpus Christi U.S. Naval Base.

—Margaret Berkeley



PAUL LAESECKE tastes a new recipe at a food-canning plant near Melbourne.

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Fashions in
the shops

HARDY AMIES' MODELS

● These striking day and evening gowns from the spring 1962 collection of Hardy Amies, of London, are on sale in Sydney. They are the first of a series of his model collections to be imported each season. Hems are just below the knee, shapes are lean and easy.



LEFT: Sleek pure-silk day dress, printed navy, royal, and rose on white, merits attention on two scores: clever cut and the waist-length back panel swinging free on one side. 42 gns.



SPARKLING black sequins, dropped a trifle at the waistline, blend with matching silk chiffon skirt (over a plumb-line underskirt) that bands and bows at waist. For not-so-little evenings. 42 gns.

BELOW: Short black silk chiffon, finely pleated in three tiers below a slim, strapped bodice, looks sophisticated and festive. Short matching jacket not shown. 45 gns.



GLAMOR plus up-to-the-minute styling for black-tie occasions in peacock-blue chiffon organza with a pretty, low-cut and draped bodice. 29 guineas. (These fashions exclusive to Mark Foy's "Little Shop.")



BLACK ON WHITE boldly printed pure silk surah dress and coat. Collarless and with narrow sleeves, the coat falls from the shoulders; apron-draped frock self-ties on one side. 58 gns.



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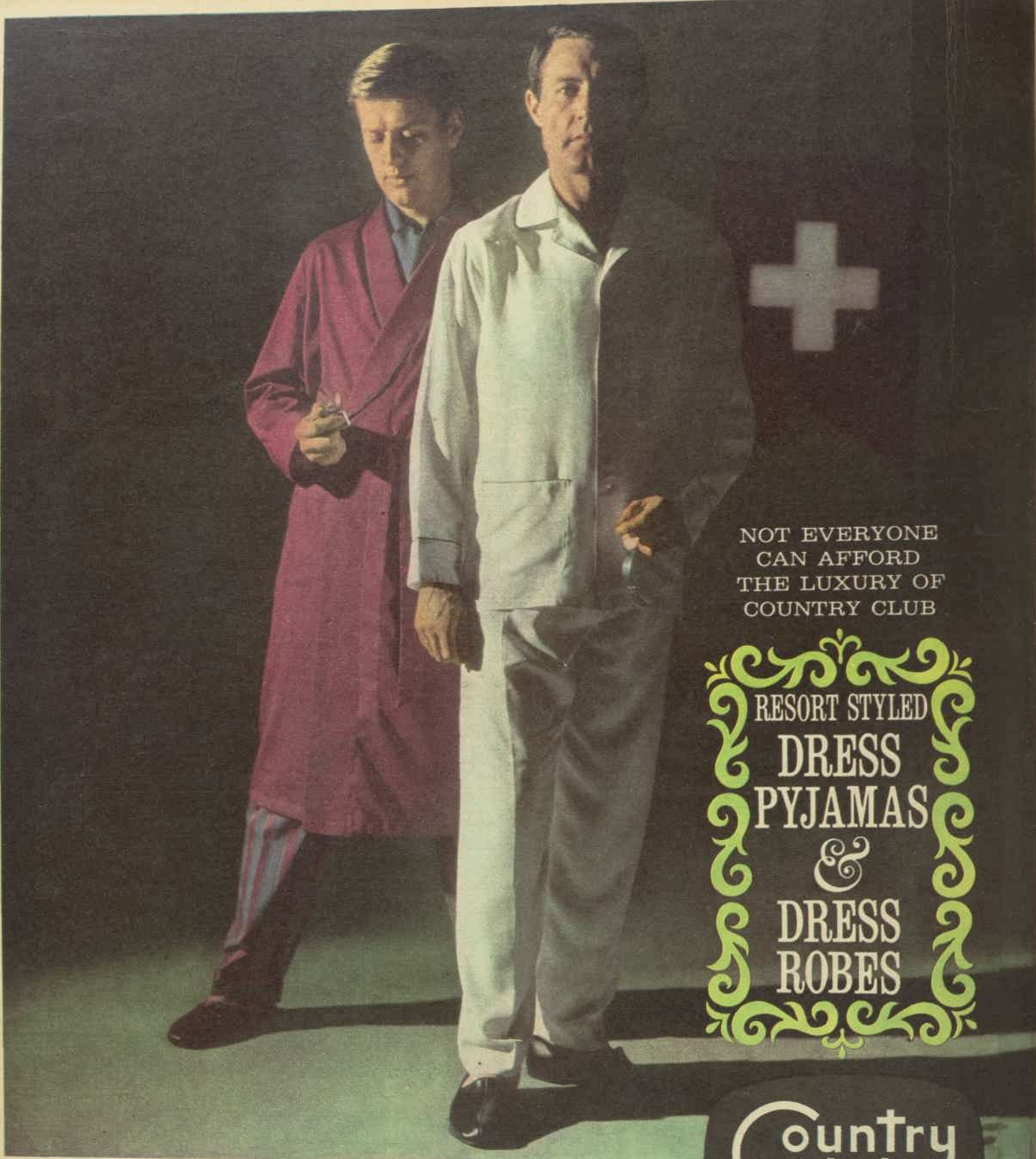
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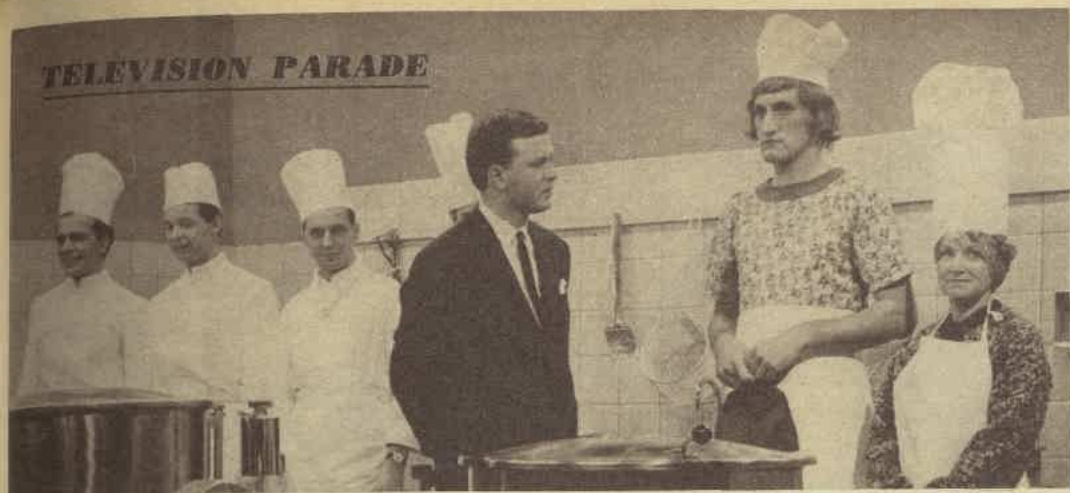
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and, most important, a no-gape, overlap trouser front. **Swiss Fashion Festival Fabrics** (never before seen in sleepwear), sumptuous fabrics by Swiss Master Weavers such as Stoffels Honanas in new shimmering colours. Also cool Chinese silks and light English Viyella. Available in shorties and long styles. Priced from £4.4.0 to £7.19.0. Robes £6.10.0 to £9.10.0.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 5, 1962

TELEVISION PARADE



COMEDY SCENE set in the kitchen of the Southern Cross Hotel with (centre, from left) Bert Newton, John Maras, and Dawn Lake in GTV9's "In the Southern Cross Tonight," a special edition of "In Melbourne Tonight," which marked the opening of Melbourne's new Southern Cross Hotel. Members of the hotel kitchen staff took part in the sketch.

5 days to make an hour's TV

By MARGARET BERKELEY, of our Melbourne staff

● With the screening a few nights ago on Channel Nines in Victoria, N.S.W., S.A., and Queensland of "In the Southern Cross Tonight," GTV9 Melbourne completed a marathon in outside television broadcasts.

THIS big variety "special," with lots of comedy, song, and dance, was produced for the most part at the Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne's newest and biggest hotel.

Sketches and production numbers were planned to show off the public rooms, guest rooms, and restaurants of this glamorous new hotel, and, as well, the "special" IMT had its usual compere, Graham Kennedy, and a big line-up of stars.

From Sydney came Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake (from October the Mobil-Limb show will be seen on GTV9 Melbourne instead of HSV7) and glamorous French singer Vicki Benet. Tommy Hanlon, jun., Bert

Newton, Toni Lamond, Pam Fletcher, John Maras (Dawn Lake's country cousin) were other names.

But they were only a handful of the people involved in the show.

The channel estimates that 150 people were connected with the project, which covered five days up to the time the show went on the air.

Besides producer Rod Kinnear, director Ron Davis, and their two assistants there

were eight camera staff, six lighting, four audio, eight engineers, eight props, 10 members of the ballet, 14 chorus, 50 hotel staff, and 25 miscellaneous.

In the five days there were 50 hours of scheduled rehearsals. This must surely be a record for a one-hour show in this country.

Though GTV9 regards as its biggest TV achievement ever the January, 1959, Test cricket relay between Sydney

and Melbourne, there's no doubt that, as far as complicated locations and preliminary planning went, the Southern Cross IMT must have been the most difficult the station has ever faced.

As a matter of sheer stamina it was surely an epic for GTV9's staff. Overtime piled up as production crews coped both at the studio and away from it.

Because all this time the ordinary schedule of live pro-

grammes was going on uninterrupted at Television City — the daily shows of "It Could Be You," "Take the Hint," "In Melbourne Tonight," "The Tarax Show," and news programmes.

Somehow everyone stayed good tempered. A meal, a short break, a few hours' sleep worked wonders.

At least three van-loads of equipment had to be brought from Television City at Richmond to the Southern Cross Hotel.

About 3000 feet of camera cable, not to mention hundreds of yards of lighting flex, were draped wherever the crew went.

Power was obtained from the hotel's powerhouse, and for the scene taped in the State Suite on the 15th floor the cables went out over the balcony and down the side of the building to the street.

Head designer Michael

Ivory was on the go all the time. In the studio his job of co-ordinating scenery, costumes, settings is difficult enough. At the hotel he worked miracles of improvisation.

In the Mayfair Room a crowd of extras listened to glamorous Vicki Benet sing and to Tommy Hanlon's comedy routine with empty glasses in front of them. Three waiters appeared to make the scene look more normal, but had nothing to pour into the glasses.

In the end, waiters and Michael Ivory found a mixture of black coffee and water to pour into a few of the glasses.

Melbourne's wintry weather did nothing to help. The big opening scene in the hotel foyer and the following ballet sequence in the hotel courtyard were taped on a day of heavy rain and freezing winds.



DAWN LAKE and Bobby Limb in one of the routines which was taped in Channel 9's studios in a set representing one of the guest rooms of the Southern Cross Hotel.

Reviews of New Films

***** With Miriam Fowler *****

*** WINDJAMMER

A leisurely cruise to Atlantic ports with the eager young sailors of the Norwegian school ship Christian Radich.

The film, rich in color, excitement, and toe-tapping music, rates as one of the best Cinerama spectacles yet made.

The excellent camerawork makes full use of special effects — the kaleidoscopic patterns of New York are quite breathtaking, while the hair-raising journey with the Philadelphia fire brigade makes you grip your theatre seat for fear of falling off.

A fascinating voyage all in a brief two hours.—S.F. —Plaza, Sydney.

In a word . . . BREATH-taking

*** VIE PRIVÉE (A Very Private Affair)

BB's hair takes on a new gleam in this vividly colored, expertly filmed French drama. Pieced together with isolated incidents, the chaotic plot skilfully creates the private nightmare of a screen star. In many respects a parallel to Brigitte's own life, the film transmits

the horror and frustration of fame. Hailed as a goddess, she's hounded by photographers and sightseers, heckled by critics, and harassed by the industry.—Metro, Kings Cross.

In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★★ THAT TOUCH OF MINK

A risque script and a zippy Doris Day keep laughs rolling in this glamor-charged comedy, despite the weak "Cinderella" plot and a rather weary Cary Grant. Invited to Bermuda by tycoon Grant, working-girl Doris sets out to legalise his intentions. A lively cat-and-mouse game follows, with you've guessed who coming off best.—State, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIGHT.

★ THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES

With all the usual sound effects working overtime, the Three Stooges romp mechanically through a harmless little piece spoofing the legendary labors of Hercules. The Stooges share the honors with a time-machine,

a giant two-headed Cyclops, some foam-rubber rocks, and a bewildered Vicki Trickert. But the kids loved it.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . KIDSTUFF.

★ THE ERRAND BOY

Jelly-limbed Jerry Lewis runs through familiar paces as an errand boy at a Hollywood studio and systematically wrecks the lot.—Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . ZANY.

★ THE WONDERS OF ALADDIN

This tongue-in-cheek production of the classic could disappoint those who like their fairytales treated with respect. Donald O'Connor clowns cynically as the poor Aladdin who reaps riches with the aid of genie Vittorio de Sica. The cast offers the expected beautiful princess, handsome prince, and wicked Fazar, but the action is surprisingly brutal in spots. Some unnecessary torture could frighten tines.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.



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TOMMY HANLON, JUN., took time off from "It Could Be You" to appear in "In the Southern Cross."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1962



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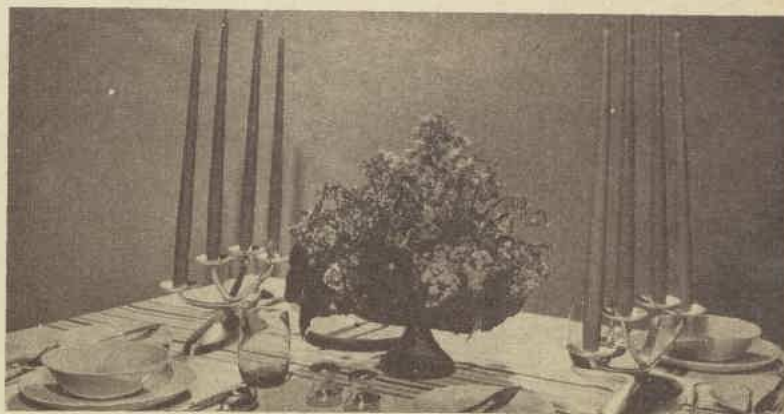


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Table-setting questions answered

● Well-known floral expert Mrs. Patricia Easterbrook Roberts, of America (whose arrangements are shown on following pages), recently visited Australia giving a series of lectures on table-setting. Here are some of the many questions she received while she was here and her answers.



● Candles aren't merely a decoration.

Q: Do you use candles merely as part of the table decor or for light as well?—Mrs. D. Braley, Caringbah, N.S.W.

A: Candles shed the most flattering light possible—and they also add a great deal to the beauty of any table. If sufficient candles are not available to give adequate light then they can be augmented by wall sconces or other soft lighting. I have never seen a formal table set without candles—candlesticks and candelabra give the setting height and pleasing dimensions.

Q: I noticed that in all your settings you placed the small sweet fork outside the table fork. What was your reason for this?—Mrs. Mary Thompson, Hurstville, N.S.W.

A: The small fork you mention is used for salad—in the United States we rarely use a sweet fork. However, even this positioning varies in some parts of the country where salad may be eaten during or after the main course. The placing of cutlery is based on one simple rule—the tools you require are placed on either side of the service or dinner plate in the order in which you will use them, beginning on the outside.

Q: Is there only one correct way to place and fold the napkin for a formal table-setting?—Mrs. E. O'Brien, Cronulla, N.S.W.

A: No. The napkin may be placed at the left of the place setting or across the service plate if one is used. There are various ways to fold it—two corners underneath

with a point each end, a soft roll, or flat, when the corner must be on the outside. The method you choose depends on whether the napkin has any design or not. If it has you will want to show it and fold it accordingly. If napkins have no design I usually use the simplest method and let the quality and color of the cloth speak for themselves.

Q: All the table-settings in your display feature tablecloths. Do you prefer these to place-mats?—Mrs. J. McKay, Roseville, N.S.W.

A: No. Mats are acceptable nowadays for even the most formal occasions, as they are made with the finest material and workmanship. If you have a beautiful table you will want to show it off, either with mats or scarves. Table scarves, running down either side for the place settings, are very new and you may have to make them yourself. I have also set a very elaborate table using hour-glass-shaped double mats which are placed for opposite settings. Flowers and candelabra go directly on the table between the pinched-in waist section of this design.

Q: Do you think a one- or two-color blending is more effective than multicolors in a table arrangement?—Mrs. E. Milner, Croydon, N.S.W.

A: Yes. The more formal a table is the more inclined I am to shy away from color. This is mostly because I do not wish to vie with any colors my guests might choose to wear. But I go all out for color at

Christmas and for informal parties that have a special motif that needs color. The time, the place, the occasion, and the mood help one to decide just how much color will be appropriate.

Q: Do you recommend rectangular or round tables for versatility in settings?—Mrs. B. Boston, Croydon, N.S.W.

A: Rectangular tables are the more versatile because of the general shape of table-mats. However, if you have or would like to buy a round table, mats to fit are not difficult to make. Round tablecloths have a more limited sale and it might therefore be more difficult to get the colors and textures you want. Rectangular tables fit well against a wall for buffets and allow more room.

Q: If household help is not available, do you think a buffet is better than a formal dinner for more than eight guests?—Mrs. J. Dean, Mosman, N.S.W.

A: Yes, I do. It is easier on the hostess, and if she enjoys herself more, it follows

that her guests do, too. A buffet usually calls for a different menu, one that is easy for self-service. You can set up bridge tables or standing trays for individual comfort. I find that men like to eat at a table if possible, even if they serve themselves from a buffet, and we must consider their comfort if we are to enjoy their company. However, if you belong to the young married group, you might have just as much fun sitting on the floor.

Q: I noticed you used very decorative purple cabbages in your displays. Was artificial coloring used?—Miss N. Taylor, Manly, N.S.W.

A: The cabbage you refer to is kale. It grows naturally in the lovely purple shades and also in pure white. The ones I used came from a nearby florist, but if you wish to grow your own, your local seedman will be able to get the seeds with growing instructions for your area. They are a long-lasting decoration. The whole head or separated leaves should be soaked in water for at least one hour before arranging, to help eliminate odor.



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WOOLWORTHS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 5, 1962

One of the joys of spring...

DOING THE FLOWERS



● When the first hint of spring brings a garden full of flowers, it's a joy to decorate with them right through the house.

Even a few bright blooms can be combined with foliage or well-shaped branches to give a look of fresh gaiety to winter-jaded rooms.

More arrangements overleaf.

TONES OF PINK in this formal bouquet are from a wide range of spring flowers, including herbaceous peonies, rhododendrons, azaleas, helleborus, geraniums, and pinks. Peony leaves, malacca balm, *Euphorbia marginata*, and ivy trails supply green contrast. Heavy container balances the compact arrangement, which was done by Mrs. Rex Linsley, "Harben Vale," Blandford, N.S.W.

Simple— but lovely

● Mrs. Patricia Easterbrook Roberts, who created the delightful arrangements on these pages, is an internationally-known authority on flower-arranging.

MRS. ROBERTS—an Australian by birth—now lives in the United States. She recently visited Australia to give a series of exhibitions and talks on flower-arranging and table-setting.

The arrangements shown here give a preview glimpse of her seventh book, which she has just completed.

First choose your vase. This will dictate the approximate height of the arrangement, which should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the height or the width of the container, whichever is the greater.

Crumpled chicken-wire and pin-holders are basic equipment to hold the stems in place. Fix the holders firmly to the base of the vase with florist's clay.

Begin the arrangement with a skeleton outline, then work in toward the centre.

It is important to stop as soon as you have a pleasing result—the next stem you tuck in may be the first step to overcrowding.

Use strong colors and thick clusters sparingly. Every flower should be seen to fullest advantage.

Keep the most interesting and colorful blooms for the focal point in the centre of the arrangement. Lighter, smaller blooms and foliage can be used on the outside.

● Continued overleaf



TAKE SIX TULIPS

YELLOW TULIPS are placed to emphasise curves of the early magnolia branches. For firm placement in bottleneck containers, group a few stems together and hold with an elastic band. Place the odd stem at will.

ESSENCE OF SPRING

FORSYTHIA BRANCHES are light enough to achieve a wide spread without losing balance. They are arranged in three groups to avoid a bushy appearance. Tulips strengthen centre interest. Branches can be pruned for better form.





GERANIUMS FOR GAIETY

GERANIUM or pelargonium heads should be picked with plenty of buds to open later. Separate each cluster. Lemon-scented geranium foliage adds lightness.

FLOWING CHARM

GREEN GLASS chalice holds a fresh, pretty mixture of wax begonia, antigonon, and Rex begonia leaves. The leaves create central interest. For this type of bouquet, place each stem carefully so that it will be seen to best advantage.



BLUE MOOD

DELPHINIUM, old-fashioned campanula in blue - and - white, and round, fat heads of hydrangea combine to show off a central arrangement of velvety gloxinias in a rich wine color.

PLAY ON COLOR

TRUMPET-SHAPED petunias combine with double hibiscus in a wall vase. One color is played against another. Long stems help create a light and airy outline.



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Continuing

DOING THE
FLOWERS

Table artistry

• These table arrangements were done by Mrs. Patricia Easterbrook Roberts for an exhibition at David Jones, Sydney.

COUNTRY STYLE

LEAVES massed in a sturdy and regular form to blend with the tableware are the basis of this informal arrangement. Crumpled wire is used in fairly shallow bowl.

Pictures on this page by staff photographer Don Cameron.



PINK 'N PRETTY

CARNATION posies in crystal goblets combine with Geraldton wax and saxifraga to form a fragile arrangement linked together by trails of smilax.

FORMAL BEAUTY

GLADIOLI in a stylised arrangement emphasising the flower form. Almost horizontal blooms at the base give balance to these tall flowers.



Westinghouse above all



MIGHTY WESTINGHOUSE FROST-FREE RCD139 is a spacious refrigerator and 75 lb. capacity freezer combined, with a unique top rating (1/5th h.p.) Westinghouse sealed unit. Other important features include the new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system, automatic defrosting, outstandingly accessible storage area, full width humidrawer, glide-out shelves, height adjustable top shelf, exceptional bottle storage space and magnetic door lock.

... is designed to keep your food fresh... longer!

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system is here—designed by Westinghouse to keep an uninterrupted flow of fresh, cold air circulating down and up, in and out and around your food. Your good fresh food is kept good and fresh under all conditions... longer.

The new Westinghouse Fresh-Cold system forever wipes out stale air pockets, the spoilers of good fresh food. The cabinet interior is free, open and uncluttered—has no little nooks and crannies where stale air could lie. The humidrawer is where a humidrawer should be for correct temperature and fresh-cold moisture control—at the bottom of the refrigerator where it can't interfere with the flow of fresh cold air. The shelves have space back and front to allow ample air circulation even when they are filled to capacity.

Fresh cold air flows constantly from the big freezer coils at the top of the cabinet... down past and through the shelves... down and under and right round the humidrawer... back up through the door shelves. Every part of the refrigerator is cooled to the correct temperature to keep your food fresh-longer!

AFTER SALES SERVICE—your satisfaction as a Westinghouse appliance owner is assured by readily available after-sales service. The Westinghouse appliance service division is fully equipped to provide the most outstanding factory trained service in the industry.

THROUGHOUT THE NEW WESTINGHOUSE RANGE — COMMONSENSE DESIGN BRINGS UNMATCHED VALUE!

THE FRESH-COLD SYSTEM and an uncluttered, easy-to-get-at interior are by no means the only thoughtful, commonsense design features you will find in these new Westinghouse refrigerators.

YOU WILL FIND NEW, SIMPLIFIED, MORE CONVENIENT DOOR STORAGE... shelf area that makes use of the full width of the cabinet... new "Flash" instant push-button defrost on the 9 cu. ft. and 12 cu. ft. models. Many more features you can't see set the seal on Westinghouse quality and value. Because no technical sacrifices have been made to cut costs, Westinghouse refrigerators are more powerful than other brands—30% more powerful, thanks to the sealed unit designed and built by Westinghouse to power-drive every model to 12 cu. ft. And the silent power-plus Westinghouse sealed unit makes the mighty Westinghouse combination refrigerator-freezer—biggest of the range—more powerful again by a further husky 20%—gives it power to spare even with a jam-packed load under the steamiest conditions! What's more, Westinghouse backs each sealed unit with a generous 5-year guarantee.

THE DEEP, GLOSSY WESTINGHOUSE FINISH lasts a lifetime—it is baked on over an exclusive protective undercoat applied by the amazing American "Flowcoat" process and strongly resists bumps, knocks and scratches. All Westinghouse refrigerators have porcelain titanium enamel interiors with high-impact plastics used throughout—more reasons why the cabinets carry a full 12 months' warranty.

Rest assured that, before a Westinghouse refrigerator comes to you, its every fitting and detail is inspected, checked and re-checked to bring it as near perfection as possible!

YOU BUY A WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATOR WITH ABSOLUTE PEACE OF MIND!



GIANT CAPACITY FREEZER. All Westinghouse refrigerators have ample space for all your frozen food requirements. The mighty Frost-Free RCD 139's freezer stores up to 75 lbs. of food... room enough for a whole dressed lamb and much more besides. No unexpected catering problems with Westinghouse!

GLIDE-OUT SHELVES. You will find this convenient feature in the new Westinghouse range. Exclusive new sliding action operates easily and silently—makes these the smoothest, easiest-to-roll shelves ever. De-luxe finish construction eliminates the possibility of stain, rust or corrosion.

FULL-WIDTH LIGHTWEIGHT HUMIDRAWER. The Westinghouse full-width humidrawer is the right size and shape even for celery, spinach and rhubarb. It seals moisture in and, for correct temperature control, is situated at the bottom of the cabinet where fresh, cold air circulates right around it. It keeps fruit and vegetables really moist, really fresh.

BOTTLE STORAGE. As you can see, the functional new Westinghouse door storage system provides plenty of space for even the tallest bottles. Furthermore, thoughtful shelf design permits additional storage for tall bottles within the cabinet, and the egg trays can be removed to provide still more door storage space when required.

There's a refrigerator exactly the right size and price for you in this new 5-model Westinghouse range. See them all at your Westinghouse retailer today!

RQD 99—9 cu. ft.	155 gns.
RBD 99—9 cu. ft. with flash pushbutton defrost	175 gns.
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RCD 139—Combination Refrigerator-Freezer	265 gns.

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WA 28 WW
Page 27



BOTH!

New Formula Persil is made specially to give "boiling whiteness" in all washing machines

Thanks to its new-type oxygen formula—with bubbling action—Persil washes as white by washing machine as by boiling. New Formula Persil is the first and only powder specially made for all washing machines. Use it in yours, and you'll enjoy a whiteness which no other powder can get from a washing machine: "boiling whiteness". Here's why —

OXYGEN-CHARGED. Persil makes a new kind of lather that's oxygen-charged. It has a bubbling action (like boiling) that works more efficiently than other kinds of suds.

CONTROLLED LATHER. Not too much. Not too little. Persil gives you just the right amount of lather to free stubborn soil without making mountains of clogging foam.

BETTER RINSING. With no excess foam to deal with, all the dirt rinses clear away. Only New Formula Persil makes rinsing so thorough — so fast and easy.



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The makers of New Formula Persil guarantee that their product is completely safe in all types of washing machines. They are so confident of this that they offer to repair or replace any machine damaged by Persil within two years of purchase. You get a written guarantee on the back of every pack of New Formula Persil.

New Formula Persil washes whiter in all washing machines

Was the kindly old lady capable of murder? Second part of our exciting serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

Grogan thought — quite the calm little widow now, as he eyed Virginia, while Manning and Dal waited for him to speak.

A fortnight after the death of MRS. PRITCHARD, her son TOBY and his wife, NORAH, were still at Bishop's Bay going through her personal effects. Helping them was ALISON BURDETT, Toby's secretary. In one of Mrs. Pritchard's books Alison had seen a note reading, "Not the boatshed. Boris suspects." She guesses it must refer to a neighbor, BORIS McEVOY, who lives with his young wife, VIRGINIA, and her visiting brother, DAL OWEN.

Alison shows the note to Norah and Toby, but they casually dismiss it, and the conversation turns to an unpleasant incident Toby has just seen in the store, when Boris threatened to kill MISS ETHEL HOCKING'S alsatian, because it had killed one of his fowls. In retaliation she had threatened his life if he touched her dog. EDWARD and JANE FRY had also witnessed the scene and had been appalled by it. Upset by the row, Miss Hocking had called in to tell JEFFREY CORNWALL. Dal also heard the story, as he had asked Mr. Cornwall if he could stay there, because Boris had shown he didn't want him in his home.

Early next morning Alison found Virginia had slept the night in the boatshed. Entering the house to get a dressing-gown for her, Alison was startled to find a strange man, who said he'd been waiting for Boris. He was a pleasant young man who quickly entered the McEvoy's bedroom to get the gown for her before he left. Later Alison saw the drowned body of Miss Hocking's dog and ran back to the house to tell Virginia. It was then they found Boris lying dead on the bedroom floor, with a gun nearby.

When DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING arrive they ask Miss Hocking to make a statement, but she refuses. NOW READ ON:

ON leaving Miss Hocking — and what a victorious click the sound of her door shutting behind them had! — Grogan and Manning made their way round the Bay, plodding along over moist sand and flat rock. At their feet the water lapped and whispered, and tiny crabs, comic in their sideways scuttle, burrowed hastily, making for home and safety.

The two detectives in their dark suits and felt hats introduced an alien note into the placid scene, whose main virtue had been that it promoted no action and bore no history. Now, alas, from house to house around this sibilant bay a chain of murder had been linked.

Manning paused and gazed across to the opposite shore that the midday light had turned to a dusky violet. "You'd think there'd be enough room here," he mused sadly, "for a dozen or so folk to live without they have to go pumpin' each other full o' lead."

"Don't you believe it. If you light out from civilisation to live in a place like this it's got to be because you love nature and not because you hate people and their babies and their radios. That way you're soon going to get so that the very birds chirping will make you reach for your gun."

When they got to the boatshed they took the path that led upward to the Pritchards' and the McEvoy's.

The bedroom where Boris McEvoy had been shot was much as Alison had seen it when she followed Virginia in soon after

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Autumn romance

AFTER being a widower for 15 years my father-in-law recently announced his intention to remarry. When he first broke this wonderful news to my husband (his only child) and myself he was a new man, but has since been driven to the point of near-breakdown by friends and relations who have accused him of being stupid. Surely he deserves to be happy in his old age?

£1/1/- to "Wedding Time" (name supplied), Peakhurst, N.S.W.

Shorthand-writer at 70

LOTS of my friends are surprised when they see me drafting letters, taking down recipes, notes, etc., in shorthand, because it is 59 years since I learned to write it. Seeking advice from my bank manager yesterday, I took down the letter he suggested in shorthand and he seemed amazed. I'm wondering if other grandmothers in their 70s still write shorthand.

£1/1/- to "Grandmother" (name supplied), Hawthorn, Vic.

Parents' lament

I HAVE three teenagers—two boys and a girl—whom I love dearly, yet they show resentment toward their father and me because we can't give them all the material things they ask for. When they were younger, we gave them birthday parties, but we couldn't continue because the competition became too much for us. Our children feel we've let them down and won't bring their friends home because they say they'd lose them once the friends found we weren't well off.

£1/1/- to "Worried Mother" (name supplied), Sydney.

Problem of gift-giving

WHERE does one draw the line with present-giving? With Christmas drawing nearer, I'm once more faced with the problem of finding the money to buy presents for an ever-increasing army of relatives. My husband and I both have four brothers and sisters, to whom we've always given gifts. Now they're all married and have children, the number growing each year. Even at a small expenditure for each person, it still adds up to a formidable sum.

£1/1/- to "Pinkie" (name supplied), Cowra, N.S.W.

Perfume-conscious at seven

AT what age should little girls be encouraged to use expensive toilet soaps and talcum powders? My kindly relatives have given my seven-year-old daughter a taste for toiletries, and now she finds it puzzling because I refuse to replace them when they are finished.

£1/1/- to "V. Rae" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Lolly miser

"WORRIED MOTHER" (Vic.), whose young son won't share with his friends the sweets he buys with his pocket-money, may be comforted to know most children go through a selfish stage. In the meantime, encourage him to hand round the cakes or sweets to family visitors before taking any himself, and always accept sweets he offers you. Too much selfishness on the part of the mother ruins the child.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. White, Mount Gambier, S.A.

"WORRIED MOTHER" should try giving her son a little extra spending money to be used exclusively for buying sweets to share with others. I have a friend who gives her young son pay each week for work done and a small amount every second day to spend on others. She calls it his "sharing money."

£1/1/- to G. Hamilton, Ballarat, Vic.

STOP giving your young son pocket-money for a while and buy sweets to share with the family and friends. He will soon feel left out if you occasionally forget to hand out his share, and he'll realise how his young playmates feel toward him.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Hay, Salisbury North, S.A.

I KNEW a little girl who, upon being admonished for not sharing her sweets, reluctantly did so—after first taking a bite out of each one. She grew up to be quite good-natured and generous.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Cottle, St. Mary's, N.S.W.

DON'T worry if your boy grows up to be a miser, "Worried Mother"; at least he will be the one who earns the money. I think he deserves credit for his show of independence and should be able to decide for himself whether or not to share his sweets.

£1/1/- to "Soft-hearted Fool" (name supplied), Gravesend, N.S.W.

WHAT a contrast! My young daughter used to bring home two or three schoolfriends and give them 2/- each. When we discovered the reason for her popularity, she explained that we have lots of money because we have a till—and they haven't!

£1/1/- to "Ex-shopkeeper" (name supplied), Meadowbank, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WOMEN react in two ways when the washing is out in the rain.

I have seen both during the recent wet weather.

The bustling type rushes out and brings the washing in. Mrs. Dawson has just done this.

I can picture the inside of her house tonight—wet sheets and pyjamas spread everywhere, like a draper's shop in a flood.

The more fatalistic sort of woman leaves the washing out in the rain. My wife is in a mood like that at the moment.

She stares out the window at the wet washing on the line, muttering, "It's set in, all right." No panic, just a glum stoicism, like a Londoner in the blitz.

When she was new to the game she used to run out and bring the washing in. Then she would peg it out again when the rain stopped. As soon as she had it pegged out again, the rain started again.

A few years of this taught her that you can't beat the rain. You just can't join it either. You just stare at it through the window.

Rain has certain merits. It is

RAIN, GO AWAY!

good for flowers. It is good for the country. Lovers are said to like walking in it (though I don't believe they walk far).

But I never see a steady, soaking rain without thinking of all the



women with washing who are hating every minute of it.

Mind you, they are worse off in other places.

A woman from Scotland was asked on the radio how she liked Australia, and she said: "It's a grand place for drying clothes."

That may sound rather faint praise. We like to think our country is good for other things as

well as drying clothes. But to anyone who has done washing in Britain, the drying facilities in Australia are a big attraction.

The trouble is that when we get it wet here it's sopping wet.

This morning my wife pleaded: "For goodness' sake don't spill anything on this tablecloth. It's the last one we've got." But things were spilled, and the tablecloth won't be changed.

The mood percolates down to the rank and file. You hear mournful cries like: "I haven't got a clean blouse for school!" Followed by the grim answer: "You'll have to wear the same blouse!"

Doing the washing has always been a job with a worrying side to it. Look at the maid who was hanging out the clothes, and along came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.

Certainly conditions have improved, what with washing-machines and the abolition of the mangle. (I wonder what they did with mangles, apart from getting fingers caught in them—must find out.) But it still rains. Pennies from Heaven, the song says. What a laugh, says Mrs. Dawson.

IT was unmistakably Mrs. Herriott ahead—he recognised her suit of bird's-eye tweed and her purposeful, long-legged stride. I could catch up with her, thought Alistair, but decided not to make the effort. He wasn't in the mood for Kay Herriott this morning. In fact, he hardly knew what his mood was. Had he been twenty years younger he would have played truant and gone fishing.

Now the only way he could think of slipping his leash would be to ask something young and silly out to lunch. Perhaps Cheryl. Cheryl was blond and her clothes were too tight and she had a big blue eye to the main chance and, thought Alistair sourly, she won't know how to use

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No VIOLETS

By SHEILA
SIBLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOLLAND

WORTH REPORTING

YOU can put a foot in it this summer—anklets are the "latest thing."

A friend of ours has worn one for years, and very cheeky it looks, too.

Then the other day we noticed Elaine White (who



● **Back in fashion . . . the anklet.**

has her own women's TV show on Sydney's Channel 9) wearing a pretty pearl-and-chain one.

Something's afoot, we thought . . .

Sure thing—the shops have them—plain, pearl, and chain ones with all sorts of charms dangling. Very IN for wear with frilly swimsuits and hipster pants.

Anklets have come and gone over the years—but they're still fun, and the perfect accent for trim legs.

Model "mad" about sheep

IT rained and it rained the weekend overseas mannequins Jill Stinchcombe, of London, and Carol Ashmont, New York, visited the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

The girls, flown to Australia for our All-Australian Fashion Parades, had said they'd like to see the Jenolan Caves—and, hey presto, the Minister for Tourist Activities, Mr. Kelly, had arranged the trip.

The continuous drizzle and fog didn't destroy the girls' enthusiasm for the countryside, the rock wallabies, the "marvellous" caves, the sheep, and the accommodation and hospitality at the Caves Inn.

"I'm mad about your sheep," said madcap Carol. "I wanted to photograph them."

"But, you know, I'd creep up behind them, get the camera ready—and they'd turn tail and disappear over the hill."

"I think I got one slide of the tip of one vanishing in the distance . . ."

It puzzled us for a long time when Carol kept wanting to know how Australians skin the sheep.

Eventually we worked it out. She meant "shear."

WE were intrigued by this air transport regulation: "No person enter, or attempt to enter any aircraft in flight."

We had visions of lost astronauts floating round the skies, knocking on the doors of passing planes . . .

Or of a desperate businessman who had just missed the flight, but managed to grab on to the tail-wing . . .

But no. Just a printer's error, said one aircraft official who felt it must have meant that no person could enter the cockpit of an aircraft in flight.

"It's a new law that's come in since all these hijackers and bomb-throwers have been around," he said.



● **In the Duke of York Islands . . . Mrs. Sandra Holmes.**

Tropics—in town

THE primitive drums throbbed, the natives chanted, and we could hear the sounds of the sea rolling against the beach . . .

No, we weren't languishing on a far tropical isle, but enjoying a cup of coffee after dinner in our own sitting-room.

It was a record, compiled from tapes taken by Mrs. Sandra Holmes (pictured below left) during a trip around New Guinea with her husband, film producer Cecil Holmes.

Mrs. Holmes had lent us the record, called "The Music of Melanesia" (H.M.V.).

The tracks were taped in the Duke of York Islands of New Guinea. Most are of authentic native working and ceremonial songs; a couple are Western numbers taught in the schools.

"It was a wonderful trip," Mrs. Holmes told us. "We found the natives intelligent and hungry for knowledge."

With Mrs. Holmes and her husband went cameraman Keith Gow.

They filmed a 40-minute color documentary—to be called "Lotu"—for the Methodist Church, and short films for A.B.C.-TV.



● **A happicoat (dressed-up version) worn by Mrs. Heather Hiscocks.**

IT was a fashionable three-quarter length. It had beautiful kimono sleeves. It was an elegant wrap-around. It was a lightweight white wool, embroidered in soft blues and greens—it was a happicoat.

It had been given to Mrs. Heather Hiscocks, designer and promotions officer of an Australian wool-yarn company, by the Japanese Handknitting Association for her work in arranging a series of displays of Australian handknits in Tokyo.

We're told the happicoat is not really a fashion garment in Japan, but a work-

ing "smock," generally with a letter embroidered on the back to indicate the trade or business of the wearer.

But Mrs. Hiscocks wears hers for pleasure, and hers has the traditional Fujiyama scene hand-embroidered on the back.

"I'm quite tall," she said. "So it not only is a beautiful garment; it suits my figure as well. It's just the sort of thing I like."

★ ★ ★

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 5, 1962



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EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE-STRETCH HOSE

Add yards to your reach by stretching twice the length of a normal hose. Cleans right up to ceiling and on stairs without tugging, or lifting. More flexible, too—easier to manage.

Susan was wise enough to know that each stitch was the way to Peggy's heart... an appealing short short story.

ONLY FROM EXPERIENCE

By JANE MORTIMER



WHEN Jim Dalton fell in love again after being a widower for ten years he never doubted that his eighteen-year-old daughter would be as happy about it as he was himself.

No longer need she feel (and sometimes earnestly show!) guilt when she left him alone to go to her tennis club, a party, or even a holiday. Jim had resolutely insisted on her having her own interests and friends as well as the part-time job in a big store.

As for Susan... well, to be sure, she was reserved, but so elegant and sweet that she and Peggy would get along together like the proverbial house on fire. Susan, too, had thought she could never, would never love again when her beloved lost his life saving another in a mountaineering accident.

With her woman's intuition, it was she who sounded the note of warning on the day that Jim proposed to her.

"But of course Peggy will be thrilled," he said exuberantly. "She's incurably romantic."

"Yes, but..." Susan hesitated, and then went on thoughtfully, "it will come as a surprise and..."

"Surprise! It will indeed!" Jim laughed. "She will be almost as surprised as I was to find that cool, efficient Miss Susan Bruce, of the Accounts Department, had stolen into my heart so quietly that I only awakened when they suggested sending you two hundred miles away."

"And Miss Bruce had been wondering why she was so reluctant to take such an apparently wonderful promotion; why she didn't at all like the idea of not seeing the sales manager every day," Susan said, and leaned forward in the chair beside his desk. "I... I think it would be a good idea to hold back a little. To begin by talking lightly about the possibility of your falling in love again sometime. Let her gradually get used to the idea."

"Because, Jim," and with a little cold fear he heard the note of warning in her voice, "we cannot take any final step unless... unless Peggy is quite happy about it."

"I tell you she'll be thrilled..."

But he was no longer quite so certain, and that evening after dinner he looked nervously down at his daughter. She was knitting a fairy-like garment for a colleague who was expecting a baby in a few weeks.

It gave Jim his opening. "One of these days you'll be coming home all dewy-eyed and dazed and I'll be popping to know which one you've chosen."

"How happy could I be with neither," she said promptly. "I've got you and you're quite a sweetheart."

"Oh! Maybe, but these things happen, you know—to you, to anybody. Even... even to me!"

"You!" Peggy looked up from her pattern. Simply and uninhibitedly she threw back her head and shrieked with laughter. "Oh, Daddy, you're wonderful. Just imagine... imagine you falling in love at your age!" She turned back to her knitting and so did not see her father's shattered expression.

After Susan's warning he had steeled himself to the possibility of a tiny show of fear or jealousy as well as shock. He had realised he must not even try to make Peggy understand his deep inner loneliness during the past years.

He saw that "trying to break it gently" would be futile. There would be no prevarication, he vowed, and so he told Peggy the truth—quickly, firmly, in a voice taut with anger and hurt.

In an instant then, as Peggy dropped her knitting, the laughter died out of her eyes and a look of such incredulity and horror took its place that Jim winced.

"Daddy! You don't... you can't mean it!" she gasped.

He fought down the urge to tell her that some day, when she was older, she would understand; he was at least young enough to know the futility of that line of approach,

he thought ruefully. The young can mostly only learn from their own failures, successes, and sorrows—not by being told.

Instead, he told her about Susan, knowing that he would forgive Peggy the cruel things she said because he must. In the middle of it all she ran out of the room, sobbing wildly, and he heard the door of her bedroom slam.

Instinctively, after a few minutes thought, Jim reached out for the telephone and dialled the number of Susan's flat. For the first time since losing his wife he felt the relief of sharing his father's problems with a woman his own age.

"I want you to come here," he said, "to meet her. Susan, I'm sure it would be fatal to delay now."

Susan did not answer at once. At last she said firmly: "Jim, I think it would be better if you brought her here. I... I've got an idea; I've been thinking of it since this morning, but of course," she sighed a little, "it might not work. Besides, she might refuse to come."

"She will come," Jim said.

And she did, but only because she was given no opportunity to refuse. It was only very rarely that Jim had exerted his parental authority and opposed any wish of hers; but such was its strength that when he did she recognised it and responded.

As she followed him along the passage to the door of Susan's flat, Jim felt an overwhelming apprehension, realising now that he did not know this daughter of his at all.

But Susan, to his amazement, seemed not to be affected by Peggy's hostility. She looked charming, he thought, in an elegant lime-green dress.

"I'm so glad you could come."

"It was kind of you to ask us," Peggy said with a frigid politeness. Susan led the way into the warm lounge, newly decorated and furnished with a delightful hotchpotch of antique furniture.

She whisked a jumper she was knitting from the chair and laid it with the pattern on the foot-stool.

"I've just been getting into a terrible mess with my knitting," she said ruefully. "I'm afraid I've chosen a pattern that's too complicated."

"But you..." Jim stopped, recognising the warning look in her eye.

"But I might learn some day, I know." She laughed and asked Jim to help her to pour their drinks. He noticed Peggy pick up the knitting pattern and begin to scan it thoughtfully. He also saw the slightly smug expression appearing on her face.

Still, Susan seemed sublimely unaware of any tension or difficulty. Still she sailed serenely on, the hostess entertaining two friends to drinks.

"You've gone wrong on the last three rows," Peggy said as her drink was put down on the stool beside her.

"Oh!" Susan bent over it. The slight air of patronage in her young guest's voice seemed not to bother her at all. "Look, I'm an absolute mutt at knitting. If you know anything about it and could help me put it right..."

It was nearly an hour later when Jim went out to help prepare coffee and sandwiches while Peggy put the knitting right that Susan whispered hopefully:

"I believe your daughter is going to teach me to knit!"

"But, Sue, you're a keen knitter... I've seen you..."

"Ssssssh! From now on I cannot knit a straight scarf in one color in stocking-stitch. So there!" she whispered. "You see, I remembered your telling me that Peggy was a knitting enthusiast—and that I had just started a new sweater."

Jim began to chuckle. "I am beginning to see."

She kissed the top of his head. "It will probably take time. But, Jim, I hope... I believe that this is our beginning."

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Would this message
solve the riddle of
the mystery aircraft?

FLIGHT 591

A dramatic short story by R. J. J. THEAKSTON

As he switched off his cabin light, the chief officer of the Cornwallis looked at his clock. Two minutes to four. He pushed aside the door curtain, walked down the accommodation alleyway and out on to the wing of the bridge.

A strong cold wind hit him with rude force, bringing with it a trace of rain or spray, he wasn't sure which. Probably both, he thought. An occasional star showed through an almost overcast sky, while ahead the yellow glow of the foremast light arched and dipped to the movement of the ship.

The officer forced his way to the fore end of the bridge and stood for a moment, his hands gripping the curved steel of the dodger, looking ahead, seeing only the vague outline of the ship through the darkness and the white of the breaking waves. He halfheartedly estimated the strength and direction of the wind before walking through the wheelhouse and into the chart-room.

The second officer was leaning over the chart-table writing up the log book. He straightened as the chief officer entered. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," The mate could never bring himself to talk more than was polite or necessary so early in the morning. He poured himself a mug of tea from the tray which was jammed into one corner of the settee, added condensed milk and sugar, steadying himself against the roll of the ship.

The second officer passed on the details of the watch. "Course is 190 deg, no error on the gyro. Nothing in sight. The wind seems to be about south-west, force 6. There's been a little rain, not much." He made a grab for the log book, which was sliding across the table. "The Old Man says to call him if she begins shipping any heavy seas."

"Is the fourth up here?"

"Yes, he's out in the wheelhouse. I'll go on rounds now."

The mate grunted. The hot tea was doing him good; he picked up a sandwich and began to eat it as he read the captain's night orders. Then he had a look at the latest weather report: a depression to the south was passing away, another approaching. This part of the Pacific always seems the same in September, he thought. It'd be good to reach New Zealand and have some peace from this infernal rolling and pitching.

When the second officer returned, the mate was in the wheelhouse talking to the fourth. The pale green glow from the gyro repeater compass picked out the dim reflection from their faces.

"All correct, sir," the second officer said. "Thank you. Any signs of life from the passengers?" "A couple of cabin lights are on, but there was no one about." He turned to go. "Good night," he said.

"Good night." There was a gust of cold wind as the wheelhouse door opened and then closed with a bang.

It was shortly before five that the junior radio officer burst into the wheelhouse from the chart-room. He stopped abruptly as the darkness blinded him. "Is the officer of the watch here?" he asked in a voice that was shaking with excitement.

"Yes, here, Sparks," said the mate, moving away from the window where he had been standing. He took the radio officer by the shoulder and led him into the chart-room. "What's bitten you?"

"I'm in touch with an aircraft in distress. They want to know our position." He was wide-eyed and pale with excitement.

The chief officer felt his stomach contract in a sharp spasm. Damn, he thought, it would happen in weather like this. "You get back to the wireless-room," he said. "I'll bring you in our position in a moment. Have you called Bernie?" he asked, as the boy turned to go. Bernie was the senior radio officer; they would need him.

"No; I'll do it now." He hurried out, slamming the chart-room door behind him.

The chief officer grabbed his nautical tables and the scrap-paper pad. He worked from the star fix he'd obtained the night before, and as he worked he noticed with amusement that in his haste he was using the chart pencil, a thing he never let his juniors do. It was always like this with simple routine calculations, he thought; no matter how urgent it was, one half of the brain was always thinking about something else; but a small mistake here could be fatal.

"Mr. Evans," he called to the fourth officer, "come and check this position, please."

Evans came in, screwing up his eyes at the sudden light. He checked rapidly through the figures. As he finished, he straightened. "Yes, that's right, sir," he said.

"There's an aircraft in distress," explained the mate. "I'm just going to the wireless-room to see if she's anywhere near."

The wireless-room backed on to the chart-room. The mate put his piece of paper in front of the radio officer, who was seated at his receiver, listening. "Here's our 0500 position, Sparks," he said. "Have they given you theirs yet?"

Without taking his eyes from the tuning dial the young radio officer pushed his message pad across. In a hasty scrawl was written:

"Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, aircraft Blue Pacific Airways, Flight 591, left Nandi 0100 for Auckland, position latitude 31 deg. 21 min. south, longitude 176 deg. 08 min."

To page 72



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1962

3-Page section

SHIFTS — for all occasions

Make yourself one from a pattern



7596. — Leggy slim look is seen in the side-buttoned muu-muu (left). This one is for cool comfort, and chic, too. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

7686. — Full of femininity is the pared-down shift (right). The high-fashion material choice is black-and-white, disc-spotted silk. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



ONE of the decade's most controversial fashions, the sack, also called the chemise, is back in current fashion — renamed shift or muu-muu.

The straight news about the shift is — it's giving the new season's shapely silhouette some hot competition.

Women in all age-groups love its straight "sliver" lines. The shift is singularly chic, easy to make, and designed for cool comfort.

The shift comes in all versions; there are literally scores of new designs. It's tops for resort and beach wear, at home round the house and for local shopping; it has entered high fashion.

High-fashion shifts are worn with high-fashion hats (right), and the late-day shift is then accompanied by its own jacket (page 36).

The shift is budget-wise. It can be made in any material and is the answer to the home dressmaker's remnant "buy."

Male reaction has never been favorable to any garment with a by-passed waistline; but the current shift has something extra — it's chopped off short to show a pretty leg.

Here, and on following pages, are new shifts, for which paper patterns are available in stock sizes. Plan on adding at least one shift to your summer wardrobe. Details of how to order patterns are on page 36.

—BETTY KEEP



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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



*Television
brings a
dream to life
—page 2*

TV made all his dreams come true

● The story of the TV successes of Frank Partridge, Australia's youngest V.C. winner of World War II, should really start like a fairytale: "Once upon a time . . ."

PARTRIDGE made his debut on "Pick-a-Box" on January 22, 1962. He was 36, with prematurely white hair, the marks of his hard life etched on his good Australian face.

TV and Bob Dyer's "Pick-a-Box" show, allied to his talent, have given Frank Partridge's dreams of the future solid form—£11,000 worth of solidity.

His big dream was to marry the girl he was in love with—Barbara Dunlop, of Turramurra, a Sydney suburb.

£11,000 prizes

But Partridge couldn't plan to marry in the foreseeable future. He had no home to take a bride to on his banana plantation and mixed farm at Upper Newee Creek, seven miles from Macksville, on the far north coast of New South Wales.

Today, almost seven months to the day since he first appeared, he is richer by £11,000 worth of prizes, he is engaged to Miss Dunlop, and plans to marry her on February 23 next year at Sydney's fashionable St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in Macquarie Street.

Miss Dunlop wears a gorgeous diamond engagement ring which Mr. Partridge won on TV, and he has safely stowed away diamond wedding and eternity rings to bestow on his bride.

After the wedding the Par-

tridges will sail for a six weeks' honeymoon trip to America aboard a luxury liner, another prize that came from TV and Partridge's encyclopedic memory.

They'll return to a brand-new house on the property, most of which can truly be described as the house that TV built.

I met Frank Partridge and his fiancée, Miss Dunlop, at the recent Sydney Homes Exhibition, looking at furniture and fittings for their planned new home.

I was surprised that Mr. Partridge looked so much younger than he does on TV; the camera adds years to his age.

He met Miss Dunlop aboard the Otranto when he was returning to Australia from the V.C. centenary celebrations in 1956.

She was coming back home after a trip to take up her nursing career as a triple-certificated nursing sister at the Manly District Hospital, the hospital where she began her training.

Serene, capable

Miss Dunlop is very fair, with long hair, blond with a touch of red about it, that she wears in a chignon. She is tall—exactly 5ft. 8½in. in her stockinged feet. (Heights are something that are measured in the Dunlop family. Her brother Peter stands 7ft. 1in. in his socks.)

She is a serene, good-looking

By
NAN MUSGROVE



Private Frank John Partridge (above right) as he was at 19, when he became Australia's youngest V.C. winner of World War II for heroism in Bougainville; (below) today's Frank Partridge with compere Bob Dyer in the "Pick-a-Box" show.

woman in her twenties, with that special air of capability and quiet confidence that nurses have.

To see Frank Partridge and Miss Dunlop together is a nice experience—they match, are deeply happy.

The whole thing—his successes on TV and their coming marriage—really has a dream quality about it, a dream lined with hope and practicality.

Partridge lives with his widowed father, Paddy, who is 78, on the property Paddy Partridge got under the Soldier Settlement Scheme after World War I.

The house is the original one; there is no electricity.

But, by judicious sale of some of the prizes, helped by his savings, Mr. Partridge plans to build a four-bedroom fibro house to replace it.

(The house will be all electric, thanks to the generosity of Sydney industrialist Sir James Kirby, whose firm supplied the refrigerator Partridge won.

Hearing that Partridge had no electricity at his plantation, Sir James is providing Partridge with his own generator or, if possible, having the new house connected to the mains supply, so that all the new electric appliances he won may be used.)

Gift of car

Among the prizes sold by Partridge were the block of land valued at £750, situated on the far north coast of N.S.W., and the luxury caravan. He gave the new car he won to Miss Dunlop.

She already had her own car, so she sold it and added the price she got to the house fund.

Among the many prizes they

have kept is £500 worth of furniture. I'll be surprised if the desk on the cover is not part of that prize. It obviously caught Mr. Partridge's eye as a good one for study and work.

Another thing that I know will be in the house is a first-class stove in the kitchen. Miss Dunlop is renowned as a cook among her friends, and already has a collection of banana recipes.

Earmarked, too, for the house fund is the money won on the present quiz battle in which Partridge is battling with the king of quiz men, Barry Jones, of Victoria, for a first prize of £1000 or a runner-up's purse of £250.

At this stage, after two shows, Jones is only one point ahead of Partridge, 19 to 18.

It's extraordinarily interesting to see these two men pitted against each other—one a schoolteacher, an academically educated and highly cultivated man; the other a farmer who left a bush school at 13 and six years later was a national hero as Australia's youngest V.C.

Now, 17 years later, Partridge is in the national spotlight again—the show-business spotlight.

He has used what spare time he had in those 17 years storing up the knowledge that keeps him there and has brought him great happiness.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



Tommy Hanlon

Momma once said: I'm getting awfully tired of all this violence on television. It seems you can't turn on your TV set any more without seeing somebody killing somebody else with a knife or a gun or a bottle, hitting women, or throwing people downstairs, machine-gunning people in cars. People in other countries must have a fine picture in their minds of the U.S., and what gets me mad is it's not that way at all. The average citizen there is exactly like you or me, trying to pay off his car, his home, his TV set, and see his family is clothed and fed.

Momma's moral: Oh, for the good old days when the only Untouchable was the guest-towel in the bathroom.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY P

September 5, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



CLIFF RICHARD

Voted most promising new singer in Britain in 1958, today, at 22, Cliff Richard is England's biggest-selling recording artist, an established film star, and idolised by teenagers all over the world. His real name is Harry Webb; he was born in India, went to England when he was eight, and worked as a clerk when he first left school. He's just had a number-one hit in "Do You Wanna Dance." This pin-up is from the recently made film "The Young Ones," an Associated British production released by Warner Bros. Cliff is now making another film, "Summer Holiday."

LETTERS

Boys give their views about girls

A GROUP of teenage boys recently discussed what they liked and disliked about girls. This is what we decided:

We like:

1. An invitation to a girl's home occasionally to meet her parents in an informal atmosphere.

2. A hello if a girl sees us in the street and we don't notice her. None of this "We thought you were snubbing us" attitude.

3. An honest opinion on whether she likes or dislikes the clothes we wear or habits we have. If she really likes us, and we like her, we'll take notice.

4. An occasional telephone call to let us know that when we are thinking of her she is also thinking of us.

5. An invitation to go out once in a while—"Let's go bowling or horse-riding, or play tennis or squash."

We don't like:

1. Being asked if other boys are coming to the same party we are taking her to.

2. A girl wearing a hairdo or clothes that we ask her not to wear.

3. A display of obvious jealousy.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a penname. Send all correspondence to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. A girl who accepts an invitation to a party with one boy, then goes off with another. We would much rather she refuse the invitation.

5. Girls who make gluttons of themselves at supper.

6. Girls who smoke or drink excessively.

7. Girls who don't let us know that they like us. — "Gimlett," Strathmore, Vic.

Fair fares

THE reason why many teenagers are bored during the holidays is not because we have nowhere to go but that we can't afford to go everywhere at full adult prices and fares. It is about time a "youth concession" was introduced—somewhere between what adults and children pay. — C. Smith, Hillcrest, S.A.

I love me

I'VE often read in magazines: "I am a very attractive girl, but boys don't seem to like me. As I have a good personality, please tell me what's wrong?"

I'm no authority, but surely how could a boy love a girl who loves herself? — J.N., Epping, N.S.W.

Green-eyed

HERE is a cure for my fellow sufferers from that green-eyed monster—jealousy. My best friend is very attractive and I am average. Everyone openly admired her and every time someone paid her a compliment a horrible feeling welled up inside me.

I realised I had the common disease, jealousy, so I laid out a plan to overcome it. Here are five sure rules to help yourself; they work, as long as you honestly want them to:

1. Admit to yourself that you are jealous.

2. Don't try to steal the show from your friend.

3. Join heartily in compliments to your friend.

4. Develop your own good points.

5. Take a pride in your appearance, don't ape your friend's.

I have now cured myself, so I hope this helps others. — "Cindy," Naracoorte, S.A.

Odd ode

DEAR girl, must you wear those strangely shaped glasses?

Please take them off, so I can make passes;

It's not your intellectual look that I fear

But the scratches I suffer when I get too near.

—N. Roy, East Balmain, N.S.W.

More on 13

IN answer to "Lucky," who wrote asking why some people think that the number 13 is unlucky:

The origin of the superstition that sitting 13 people down to the dinner table is unlucky stems from the legend of a banquet held in Valhalla. One of the gods, Loki, intruded, making 13 guests, and at the banquet Balder was slain.

The Italians never use the number in their lotteries. In Paris no house ever bears the number 13. Sailors strongly object to leaving port on the 13th of any month, especially if it happens to be a Friday, and they usually begin their 13th voyage with apprehension. — (Mrs.) Eveleen Smith, Launceston, Tas.



"My bite can't be worse than my Bach."

Licence, please

WOMEN should have to qualify for a licence before being allowed to carry an umbrella through the streets. I would hate to count the times I have had to dodge suddenly to prevent some preoccupied woman from spiking me with this murderous-looking weapon.

The sharp end usually protrudes from a bulky shopping bag, or from under an arm; sometimes it swings menacingly.

Have you ever hurried around a corner to find someone rushing at you brandishing a long

spearlike object? Fair go, please. —D. Wright, Hobart.

Unjust demand

COULD anyone explain why employers are demanding a Leaving Certificate for a job where only an Intermediate Certificate is needed?

There are enough opportunities for those who have the brains and are able to stay at school for their Leaving Certificate without taking away jobs from those with only the Intermediate. — "Job-Hunter," Hobart.

ONCE A PUN A TIME...

● A reader has challenged me to quip about a selection of news stories he (she?) reckons will tax my punny bone structure. Here goes:

● A kiss on a Barcelona, Spain, street cost an English girl and her American boy-friend each a £30 fine and two days in gaol.

Surely this would only happen to pretty girls—being thus arraigned in Spain would hardly fall mainly on the plain.

● A Sydney man claims he has invented a snag-proof stocking, and an American has produced a synthetic padding with all the qualities of feathers.

Sort of starting on top of the ladder and working down?

● A London woman sued for divorce (she won) because, she said, her husband was always, among other things, sneering that her legs were like matchsticks.

Matters came to a head, she flared up, went on strike, told him he was nothing out of the box, and he met his match!

● Married in Williamstown, Massachusetts, U.S.A., Mr. John Bate to Miss Mary Bass (after a brief courtship).

No tall fish story here, my lass, Bate did not hesitate.

He caught in one short hour a Bass, The Bass, though, caught the Bate!

● A California husband got a divorce after he told the judge his wife broke a statuette representing Peace over his head.

A marriage ceases When Peace becomes pieces.

● Holidaying English University student John Fitzgerald spent two uncomfortable hours straddling on skis a chasm at St. Moritz.

There was a young fellow named Fitz,
Who wintered in style at Moritz.
He put on his skis,
Sailed away like the breeze,
And ended up doing the splits!

● In South America a man and a woman who had met while contributing to a Red Cross blood bank fell in love at first transfusion, married, and separated.
They had loved in vein.

● A Chicago University research team recently completed a survey that exploded popular theories about sleep.

Some of their findings were that no one sleeps quietly without moving, and that wide beds, as used by some film stars, are best.

Sleep it is a blessed state
(Or so a poet did insist),
But now that simple estimate
Has just been given a new twist.
A Chicago Uni. team inquired,
On just what happens when we're tired.
They showed that though snores we're making
We're just as active as when waking.
No one, they swore, sleeps like a log.
Say so and you have slipped a cog,
And to really relax you've got to sleep in
A wide-screen bed like an Errol Flynn!

—Robin Adair

Next week



DOUGLAS WATSON, the Sydney artist who wrote our popular series *Art Through the Ages and Australian Painters*.

At present he is holding a one-man show in Melbourne, and next week we reproduce a selection of the paintings in his exhibition, showing his development as an artist from 1942 to 1961.

Our cover pin-up will be Helen Shapiro, the 15-year-old London pop singer who will visit Sydney and Melbourne in October.



TRAVEL TEENS

● Sue and Sally Sangster are two Australian teenagers travelling with their parents in America. In this, their fourth letter to *Teenagers' Weekly*, they tell us about New York and give their first impressions of Canada.

THERE was tremendous excitement in the family when we prepared to make our first visit to Manhattan, the centre of New York. Our motel was over the Hudson River in New Jersey, so we caught a bus across the George Washington Bridge, then changed into a "subway."

This incredibly filthy "cattle transport" whisked us right down Manhattan Island to Times Square, where we decided to surface.

Skyscrapers soar up on all sides, the traffic hoots and roars, seemingly millions of people hurry past.

The art of the electric-sign maker is seen here at its best—a huge man's face doesn't only register extreme satisfaction with "X" brand cigarettes, he blows ten-foot smoke-rings!

Soon we were over on Fifth Avenue, treating ourselves to some window shopping at Cartiers—fabulous jewellery on display, but nothing as common as a price tag.

Across the road was Rockefeller Center, and down between an avenue of flags something seemed to be going on. Sure enough, a lunchtime crowd was skating on a sparkling sheet of ice at the bottom of the man-made canyon.

A walk down Fifth Avenue wouldn't be complete without some shopping. There are many stores with beautiful clothes, famous names, and horrifying prices, but also plenty of shops where clothes and prices are attractive. We bought party skirts at 3.95 dollars (£1/15/3) complete with belt and two underskirts each.

SUDDENLY we were at the foot of the greatest skyscraper of them all—the Empire State.

One hundred and two floors later, the cars and people nearly a quarter of a mile below crept along minutely and the horizon lay 80 miles away.

Rubbing shoulders with Pakistanis, Germans, Englishmen, we began to get the message—New York is bigger than big, almost beyond comprehension. (For the statistically minded, roughly Australia's population goes to work on Manhattan Island each day.)

TWO pianists have gained our attention in different ways since we've been over here.

The first was playing *Twist* as we entered a restaurant for dinner one evening—the melody came clearly through, "Waltzing Matilda." Later, as he passed our table, we asked him what the jazzy number was. His reply—"Twisting Matilda!"

The other pianist somehow typified the "do anything for a dollar" side of American life.

She was in a cage, a toy piano beside her in a separate compartment and a grain chute beside it.

A notice invited us to deposit a dime and get a piano recital in return.

We duly deposited our ten-cent piece, whereupon the compartment door flew open and this crazy chook began to peck out a tune on the piano.

This automatically brought a reward down the grain chute, and another living creature demonstrated its dumb, happy acceptance of automation.

MIDST all the concrete and clamor there is a quiet, peaceful side to New York. You'll find it in a long strip of parkland about half a mile wide—Central Park.

Maids walk babies in grand English carriages. The rich walk elegant poodles or ride horseback. Tourists and lovers see the park from horsedrawn buggies.

We stayed on foot and fed pecan nuts (much like walnuts) to cute little black squirrels.

OUR tour of the United States was near its end—at least for the time being. Our poor station-waggon, "Old Smokey," flopped dejectedly in a New Jersey garage, looking like a middle-aged patient in the middle of an appendectomy. (Only in this case it was crank-shaftectomy.)

We left ignominiously for Toronto in a bus.

Snow flurries swept across the thruway as we hummed through. Albany . . . Syracuse . . . Rochester . . . Buffalo . . . then a breakfast stop before being checked through the Canadian border.

IN Toronto Dad arranged to dispose of "Old Smokey," and we replaced it with a gleaming new hardtop; that's a sedan with no doorposts.

For little more than the cost of our faithful and modest sedan back home we got an automatic, eight-cylinder, power-braked, power-steered beauty!

No wonder the teenagers here (16 and up) consider a car routine equipment. Most drive something three or four years old (but ancient!) and the lucky ones have '62 convertibles.

TORONTO is unexpectedly English. Sure, there are signs of the American way of life all over, but the people seem closer to the speech and ways of England than are Australians even. It's made quite clear, too, that they are NOT Americans and don't wish to be mistaken for them.

They may envy the Yanks in some ways, but they're Canadians, by George, and don't you forget it!

IF Torontonians struck us as being "English," it was just the opposite outside Montreal, in farm country. We stopped to buy some sandwiches to eat along the road—and couldn't make ourselves understood! We might just as well have been in France. Anyway, out came the school French and with much arm-waving we got through.

With the exception of bilingual Quebec City and the numerous tourist-conscious points along the highways, this *parlez Francais* business is for real. More than 3,000,000 Canadians speak no English.

IT gets to be fun wandering through medieval Quebec and hearing French on all sides. Grubby little urchins followed us, singing "Alouette" for nickels. Our buggy-driver tried very hard to explain the sights in French.

We finished up in a tiny little restaurant in the Rue Saint Jean, ordering wildly in French and eating three courses which didn't even faintly resemble what we asked for.

Here's one to try on the dux of the geography class. How many lakes in Quebec Province? Believe it or not, the answer is 750,000. No wonder the world skating champ is a Canadian boy—he'd never be short of a spot to practise. Goodbye till next month.

THE SANGSTER ALBUM



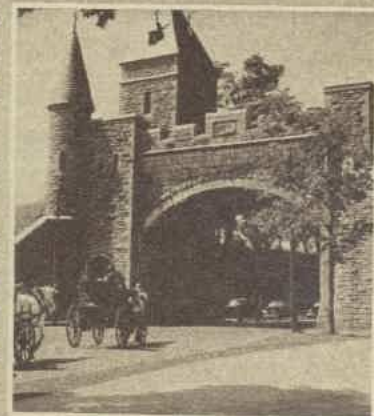
NEW YORK at night, with the Empire State building, the world's tallest, left, and United Nations' headquarters, right.



CENTRAL PARK, New York, with its lake, which becomes a skating rink in winter.



TOBOGGAN SLIDE at the Chateau Frontenac Hotel in Quebec.



ST. LOUIS GATE, one of the sights of Quebec which we saw during a buggy ride around the city.

PINCURL PA THE LATE

By SCARTH FLETT



PEERING into the mirror, Anna smooths cream on her face while waiting for her hair to dry. She covers her rollers with a plastic bonnet to match her frilly bathroom slippers. The crown of her bonnet, which serves double duty as a shower cap, is ringed with a garland of flowers.



PERCHED on the bed with a pile of fashion magazines, Carol hopes her freshly painted nails will be dry before her hair. Her pincurl bonnet, which hides the rollers, is printed with flowers and trimmed with a ruffle and drawstring bow.

JUDY (below) applies a last flick of eyebrow pencil before removing her pincurl turban and rollers to comb her dry hair. The turban of bright nylon is trimmed on top with a self rose.



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"I'LL BE READY AT 7.30," says Marlene when her date calls to check on the evening's arrangements. Marlene hides her roller-set hair with a tent-shaped bonnet covered with tiers and tiers of lace and trimmed with a black velvet bow.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—September 5, 1962

PARTIES ARE EST CRAZE

● With the arrival from the United States of deliciously feminine pincurl caps, made with loads of lace, frills, ribbons, and tiny rosebuds, Australian teenagers are fast catching on to the craze of having Saturday afternoon pincurl parties.

THE girls gather at a friend's home before a Saturday night date, wash and set their hair, experiment with make-up, and exchange all the latest news and gossip.

While their hair is full of ugly rollers, on go these crazy caps and the girls make themselves look most attractive—instead of like beings from outer space.

We were recently invited to visit a pincurl party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Matthews in the Melbourne suburb of Elsternwick. When we arrived the party was in full swing and Carol Kent, Anna Brogan, Marlene Robinson, and Judy Baker were busy setting their hair.

The girls told me it takes a whole afternoon to get ready if they want to be looking their most glamorous for a special date.

They were enthusiastic about the pincurl caps. Some American girls, they said, were wearing them while shopping in their local supermarkets. Could be, next thing we'll see will be rows of Australian teenage barrackers bedecked in pincurl caps at the football!

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

Fashions and caps from Myers, Melbourne.



A GLASS of lemon soda and time to hear all the latest gossip for Carol, Marlene, and Anna—all wearing their smart pincurl bonnets. Carol's is a turban of nylon with a large rose on top. Marlene's bonnet, printed with flowers, has a ruffled crown; Anna's lace bonnet is trimmed with rosebuds.

HAIR SET and make-up on, the girls gather round the record player for some jazz. Carol's turban is trimmed with a large rose, Judy's plastic cap is covered with mesh. On Marlene's ruched turban is a sprig of rosebuds and Anna's bonnet has a ruffled crown.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

First proposal

"I AM 16 and I've had a proposal from a boy of 18. I have not asked my parents if I may marry him. Do you think I am too young? I am madly in love with him. I don't know whether to finish school or to get married. Do you think I should ask him to wait until I finish school?"

"Bewildered Girl," N.S.W.

Yes, I do think you are too young. The first proposal is always a red-letter day in any girl's life, and it is easy to get carried away with the whole romantic idea. I think it would be very sensible to finish school and train for a job before you even think of marriage. It would make you a more mature and responsible wife when you do marry, and it is wise to have some qualifications in case you need to work in the future—and you never know what the future may hold.

A boy of 18 is also very young to be thinking of marriage, and he would probably benefit from a little more experience before he settles down. In any case, you would need to have your parents' permission to marry before you are 21.

Teasing

"MY boy-friend is wonderful—kind, generous, and lovable, but he is always teasing me. I know he doesn't mean it, but it worries me. He usually says that he is going to take one of my girl-friends to the pictures or a drive-in. How can I stop him? I have been going out with him for three months, and I wouldn't want to break it off so soon, but this teasing puts me in bad moods and scares me. Should I ask him nicely to stop it, and if he doesn't, will I tell him I am sick and tired of it and we are through?"

"Worried," Vic.

Yes, tell him nicely that you hate being teased and that it upsets you. As for breaking it off because of the teasing—it depends how much it upsets you. You can't have everything, and he is kind, generous, and lovable.

Freckles

"I AM very self-conscious about my freckles. I have a lot of freckles on my arms, and am embarrassed when I wear short sleeves. I have tried creams, but none have worked. Could you please help me? I am 15."

"Self-Conscious," Vic.

I'm afraid it will be much easier to overcome your self-consciousness than to banish those freckles. Even if you did manage to bleach them away with cream preparations, they would return the moment your arms were exposed to sunlight again.

If it's any reassurance, you are probably the only person who is even aware of them most of the time. And strange as it may seem to you, lots of boys actually like freckles.

I won't dance

"I AM 15 and quite good-looking, although I am not proud of the fact. I attend most of the local dances and recently a very fat, ugly man aged about 30 (he looks 50) kept pestering me to dance. At first I danced with him, much as I dreaded it, but now I don't want to go to the dances because of him. I hate dancing with him, but I have never refused to dance with anybody before and I don't know what to say. He is making me very miserable."

"Dancer," W.A.

Next time your unwanted partner asks you to dance, simply say "No, thank you," quite civilly, then walk away and talk to someone else. Don't make any excuses. If you say that you are already engaged for the next dance it will encourage him to come back again. Don't be rude about it, but keep refusing quite firmly if he asks you again.

Get lost

"WHAT would you do if a boy you liked did not take any notice of you? I like a boy who is the same age as I am, but when I speak to him he just goes red and says, 'Get lost.' He is very nice-looking, but very shy."

"Crazy One," S.A.

I would do just that—lose myself rapidly in a crowd. I'm afraid you are only embarrassing him by seeking him out.

Beauty in brief

BEACH FIGURES

● The great summer shape for a youthful bathing belle is a slim, not skinny, lithe, and co-ordinated figure to match the swimsuits you'll wear.

IF you are lucky enough to have the figure of a young sun goddess, you're to be envied and probably know it. But if you think your figure COULD look a bit better, here are some suggestions to help you choose a flattering bathing suit:

To look taller, slimmer, and poised the best style of suit is the one-piece maillot.

To camouflage heavy thighs choose a suit with a full, short skirt or legs like those on a small boy's short pants.

Full-bosomed figures especially look best in a suit with a built-in bra.

If you want to appear shorter and to look a bit heavier, seek a two-piece suit in a pastel shade.

A full, solid figure should avoid a clinging knit in wool or jersey, horizontal stripes, floral prints, two-

Eeny, meeny . . .

"AT a party recently I met two boys who are good friends. I like both of these boys and can't make up my mind which one I like best. The other night I met one of them and he asked me whether I liked him or his friend, but I could not answer because I like them both. Since the party I have seen both of them often, and now they both want to know which one I'd rather go out with."

"Bewildered," S.A.

Sometimes we get so mixed up with a problem that the obvious solution just doesn't occur to us—tell the truth. There's nothing wrong with telling the boys that you like them equally and you don't want to choose between them. As you get to know them better, you will probably find you prefer one to the other.

Facts of life

"I WAS wondering if you could tell me where I could obtain a book or booklet on the facts of life. My mother has never discussed this subject with me and I feel ignorant about it. I am now working and boarding away from home."

"Country Lass," Tas.

"Attaining Womanhood," by Dr. George W. Corner, is obtainable in the medical sections of most large book-stores and costs about 12/6.

Going nuts

"I AM going steady with a girl I like very much. We parted company for a spell, but made it up and now we are together again. I arrange dates, but her mother will not agree to this. Usually my girl-friend turns up with relatives or friends. Should I see her mother and have it out with her or keep on the same way, which is driving me nuts?"

"Quiz Kid," N.S.W.

Yes, I think you should see the girl's mother. Be at your most charming, tell her that you would like to take her daughter to a certain function (a dance, the pictures, or whatever it may be), and ask permission.

A word from Debbie



THERE'S more to being a girl than just being born female.

It takes a certain know-how to be feminine and flirt without being labelled cheap.

French girls have this know-how down to a fine art and it is recognised as an art—the art of flirting.

Girls of the 18th century used a fan to great advantage when flirting; you can use your eyes, your movements, your voice, and your smile.

Always move a trifle on the slow side. Don't make a hurried, ungraceful entrance or exit.

Walk tall and regally; the swaying hips, slouch, and pout are out.

If some Prince Charming starts describing last Saturday's football match lean forward just a little and listen with a terribly interested expression, and smile when he pauses and looks expectant.

Never laugh loudly, a big smile (but smile with your eyes, too) speaks more effectively than a roar of mirth.

But do laugh—a laugh that makes him want to keep you happy so he can hear your laugh again.

Don't get carried away and overdo the femininity. A man likes to think his girl is a good sport as well, Australian men in particular.

This might be a bit of a strain when you have to sit through the glories of a new type of car-burettor, but keep smiling and looking interested and you'll win him.

Always be subtle. Softly with the perfume, easy on the frills, discreet with your conversation. (If you're not a brilliant conversationalist, say as little as possible and look mysterious.) Never be catty in front of a boy.

Cultivate a trademark or a gimmick, but don't make it too noticeable. Make the man you want start thinking, "there's something about her that's interesting, but I just can't place it."

Don't tell all. Always keep some mysteries about yourself—that way you keep a boy interested, trying to find out what are the un-revealed parts of your life.

Too late

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy who is a naval trainee for six months now, but when he was on leave for a fortnight I saw him only twice. Since he has gone back he has not written or phoned me. I have written him several letters, but I have not yet received an answer. I have grown to love him very much and I do not want to lose him."

"Lost," Qld.

I'm sorry to say it looks as though you've already lost him. There is nothing you can do about it, so go out and find new interests and, I hope, a new boy-friend.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



piece styles, and fabrics with a surface sheen.

Most flattering for reed-like thighs is a suit with high-cut legs.

—Carolyn Earle

LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

Three boys most likely to succeed

● Most of our top singers have been around for quite a while now, and I thought it might be interesting to take a look this week at the up-and-coming talent most likely to replace them one day.

As it happens, the junior-teen talents I'm going to talk about are all boys.

After having won himself a host of fans with his appearances on "Bandstand" fair-haired Gino Cunico, who's 13 and a second-year student at Narrabeen High School, Sydney, recently had his first record released.

It's "Aw Please Daddy" (H.M.V.), and it's selling along very nicely for cute little chubby-cheeked Gino.

Though his father's work of putting up TV aerials is the nearest thing to show business experienced by any other member of his family, Gino has been singing since he was nine and for the past two years has also been studying guitar.

Flashing-teethed aboriginal boy Vicky Simms on a recent "Johnny O'Keefe Show" gave every promise of becoming a real performer.

And his last record, "She's

Got Soul" (a difficult song to sing), is a real triumph for a 15-year-old and a big, big advance on his first, "Yo-Yo Heart," which was made only six months ago.

He has a great sense of rhythm and music, is beginning to loosen up in his work, and when viewers get a close-up of those great brown eyes—wow!

Third candidate I'd like to nominate for future success is 14-year-old Trevor Gordon, who has already appeared on nearly a dozen "Johnny O'Keefe Shows" as well as TV shows in Melbourne.

He's a self-taught singer and guitarist who, after two years of professional work, has already decided on a show-business future.

Only a week or two back he took another step forward when he was invited to be a permanent member of Sydney Channel 7's new Saturday afternoon children's programme, "The Town of Make-Believe," and put in charge of its "Children's Theatre" segment.

There's a record company all ready with what could be a hit song for Trevor if his TV contract will let him record it.

Pops: Want to know how to have TV's Dr. Ben Casey singing just for you any old time you like? All you need is his Festival LP, "Vincent Edwards Sings," and he'll oblige with such well-selected standards as "Try A Little Tenderness," "How Deep Is The Ocean?" "As Time Goes By."

WITH "Alone And Forsaken," "I Saw The Light," and "Kaw-Liga" among others that are more familiar, one of the nicest things Floyd Cramer has done is his LP tribute to the late Country and Western idol, "I Remember Hank Williams." (R.C.A.)

INTERESTED in spotting new talent? Then keep your eye on Chuck Jackson, who seems likely to develop along Ray Charles' lines. He's out on a Festival single with a beautiful, rather different ballad, "Any Day Now." The flip, "The Prophet," is different, too—more dramatic, with a spoken passage. See what you think of this ex-member of the Del-Vikings group.

HE'S done it again! Some people are going to like Elvis Presley's "She's Not You"

—a great idea for a song—and some "Just Tell Her Jim Said Hullo"—another great idea for a song. Either way it doesn't matter, because they're both on the same R.C.A. single—making it a true double-header hit.

A TERRIFIC streak of power singing is unleashed by Dion on his new single "Little Diane," and the emotion's really turned on. The other side, "Lost For Sure," is quieter, has a faintly Latin beat, and is equally as appealing in a different way. (Festival.)

Movie music: Easily the most up-dated LP of film themes that's come my way is Command's "Great Themes From Hit Films," with the classy Enoch Light orchestra. It's the first disc I've had with "Light In The Piazza," the "El Cid" love theme, "The Hustler," and "King of Kings." Backing up the newcomers is a lovely "Moon River" and "Never On Sunday."

EVEN more current is the R.C.A. LP of double-Oscar winner Henry Mancini conducting the wonderful African-inspired music he wrote for "Hawaii," which has just begun its Australian release. With "Baby Elephant Walk," "Your Father's Feathers," etc., you can look at this album as a series of outstanding instrumentals.



LEARNING to drive a bus in London, Cliff Richard so impressed transport officials that they offered him a job—but he declined with thanks. For driving a bus in "Summer Holiday" Cliff will receive £100,000.

Cliff Richard in second musical

From Brian Gibson, in London

● Cliff Richard (this week's cover pin-up) recently returned to London from Greece, where he was making "Summer Holiday."

"GREECE is even hotter than Australia," he said, "and for the first time in my life I got sunburnt and I peeled."

Cliff has been working harder than ever to consolidate his position as a film star in this his second large-scale musical. With "The Young Ones" scheduled for release soon in America he hopes that "Summer Holiday" will put him near the top.

"The title song is marvellous and was written by two of my

Shadows — Brian Bennett and Bruce Welch," he said, "and there's a lovely ballad written by another of the boys, Hank Marvin."

"The film is about a group of young people who take a bus on a drive all round Europe. I drive the bus myself and it's great fun."

The film unit spent five exhausting weeks shooting in Greece in an average temperature of 90 degrees.

"Most mornings we were up at five-thirty and by nine we were soaked with perspiration," said Cliff. "I'd never been to Greece before, but it's a great place and we had a ball."

Cliff has plenty of glamorous co-stars in the film, and his leading lady is 18-year-old Lauri Peters. The Shadows, of course, are well to the fore.

Cliff is very keen to make a return visit to Australia but thinks it won't be before next year at the earliest.

In the meantime his position as the top favorite of the British teenagers remains unchallenged.

Film producer Ken Harper says, "I am convinced that apart from being a big recording star Cliff will be a top-notch film star in years to come. He's a wonderful dancer, works tremendously hard, and has the ability to make a success of any part, comedy or straight."

DANCER Withne Micme rehearsing a sequence with Cliff on the set at the Elstree film studios.

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WORTH HEARING

CARL ORFF:
Carmina Burana

ONE of the most offbeat of modern composers is the German Carl Orff, whose best-known work, "Carmina Burana," has just been released in an exciting performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra and soloists under conductor Eugene Ormandy. (Coronet.)

Orff is offbeat among modern composers, not because his music is drastically dissonant or complicated but for just the opposite reason. It is not much more dissonant or complicated than "Rose Marie."

But while there are lots of experimental contemporary composers and a certain number of old-fashioned, traditionalist composers, Orff is unique in successfully developing a style that is perfectly simple yet fresh and individual.

Orff draws much of his inspiration from the music of the Middle Ages and "Carmina Burana" (a cantata for soloists, chorus, and orchestra) takes its name and its text from a collection of medieval poems.

At its best the music captures something of the exultant freshness, the lyricism, and the rhythmic swing of medieval music.

—Martin Long

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — September 5, 1962

ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton
Herman

8. HENRY VII CHAPEL,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Gothic triumph

ALL architectures begin with fairly primitive ideas of design, become more skilful as years elapse, and finally reach their maximum elaboration before they are replaced by new architectural ideas.

Rarely has any architecture reached such masterly control of building materials as is to be seen in the work of the late-Gothic English masons, represented by the chapels at King's College, Cambridge, the one at Windsor Castle, and most particularly by the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

This chapel, built as a magnificent royal mausoleum, is the culminating triumph of English medieval architecture.

It was added to the east end of London's Westminster Abbey in A.D. 1500-1512, and marks both the end of an architectural style and an unsurpassable example of richness in decorative profusion.

As this is also the chapel of the Knights of the Bath, canopied stalls are provided for the Knights, and above the

stalls their heraldic banners perpetually hang.

These rows of shining silk add the glow of color to an interior already so intricately carved it seems almost to froth with ornament.

The fantastic ceiling is so complexly shaped and undercut that it is almost impossible to realise that this is actually structural stone. It is stone so shaped and manipulated that it has lost all sense of masonry and seems to be lacework.

Between the sculptured framework supporting this ceiling the walls are no more than trelliswork of stone filled with glass, all of which adds to the elegant poise and balance of the design.

The ceiling is constructed of fan vaults, so called because of their radiating shapes, and the stone pendants which hang from the centres are the mark of late-Gothic work in England.

The resplendent ceremonies conducted in the Henry VII Chapel gain great dignity from the setting, which is one of the richest jewels of English architecture.

NEXT WEEK: A French castle.



STONE in the ceiling of the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey — so intricately shaped that it has lost all sense of masonry.

From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).





JERRY LEWIS . . . the one-time film usher who bought his boss' mansion.



BOB HOPE . . . fat fee for a week's work.



MILTON BERLE . . . his big earnings a secret.



DEAN MARTIN . . . he's in the big time, too.

The millions they (don't) make

From THEODORE JAMES, in New York

● "Thirty-five million bucks for a TV show. That ain't hay!" I overheard one commuter exclaim to his travelling companion on the subway a few days ago.

I PEERED stealthily at the newspaper both were digesting, and noticed it referred to comedian Jerry Lewis' reported deal for an 18-month nightly TV show.

I decided to do some research and find out if all those entertainers were pocketing as much cold cash as my fellow commuters seemed to believe. They are not.

That 35-million dollars sounds very impressive, but, besides the taxation hounds, there are several people who will be waiting to take their bite of the cherry before Jerry Lewis buys a new automobile for himself and a new mink for his wife.

What Lewis' publicity men didn't disclose was that in all probability the cost of air time will be deducted.

This fee, which the artist in such a deal has to pay the TV station for his time on the air, could soar into astronomical proportions.

Huge TV fee

When "Mr. Nice Guy," Perry Como, was handed 25-million dollars (£A12,500,000) for 66 one-hour shows a few years ago the cost of air time came to 10-million dollars (£A5,000,000).

Perry's deal was for 66 shows only. Lewis tells us his is for a nightly show over 18 months.

If he stepped in front of the cameras six nights each week that would amount to about 468 shows and, in any country, the payment for 468 hours of air time just isn't funny when it registers on the bank account.

Then Jerry is going to find

that he needs a few more artists besides himself to keep the dial twisters content each night.

Then, taking into account rehearsal time and the actual staging of the show, there will not be many millions left of the 35.

Publicity experts have a flair for spreading the big-money myth from time to time to get their star's name into print.

But, despite the credibility or otherwise of his latest deals, Jerry Lewis has come a long way from his first taste of show business.

Louis B. Mayer put Jerry on the payroll of a movie theatre for 12 dollars 80 cents (about £7) a week as an usher.

Just a few years ago Jerry bought Mayer's lavish Bel Air estate for 400,000 dollars (£A200,000).

In 1959 he was paid 10-million dollars (£A5 million) by Paramount to star in 14 movies during the following seven years — the biggest deal ever made by the company with one performer.

But the Lewis bankroll had a severe set-back a few weeks ago.

Thieves broke into Jerry's New York hotel suite and stole 185,000 dollars worth of jewels.

Occasionally we hear of a retiring show-business character who is loath to broadcast his "big deals."

One of these was Milton Berle, America's "Mr. TV" for many years.

Trying to discover what he had been paid in the many deals between sponsors and networks was almost as difficult as breaking into the Bank of England.

But if the many rumors can be believed he was paid about 5-million dollars (£A2,500,000) by N.B.C. when he signed a 30-

year contract with the network in 1951.

The fabulous Jackie Gleason had his share of the limelight a few years ago, too, when Buick paid him 6,142,500 dollars (£A3,070,000) for 78 shows.

In both Berle's and Gleason's cases, though, this was a clear payment for their services.

£60,000 a week

Ed Sullivan, who has had a marathon run on TV in the U.S. for the past 15 years, is believed to collect 120,000 dollars (£A60,000) a week.

Bob Hope has been signed to spend a week at the Seattle World Fair this year giving eight performances for 100,000 dollars (£A50,000).

Lewis' one-time partner, Dean Martin, made two TV spectacles a few years ago for 200,000 dollars (£A100,000) and two movies for 250,000 dollars (£A125,000).

It was prophesied recently that zany Red Skelton might sell the residual rights to his old TV shows for 5-million dollars (£A2,500,000).

Skelton can easily claim 15,000 dollars (£A7500) for a one-night stand at a State fair.

"FURY," the award-winning Western film series, has been renewed for its eighth season by America's N.B.C.-TV network.

"Fury" started on N.B.C.-TV in October, 1955. But America just won't tire of it. It stars Bobby Diamond as Joey, a city waif who was brought to a ranch to be raised and whose constant companion is the spirited black stallion, Fury. "Fury" looks as though it will go on and on, and on.

DID YOU KNOW?

F.B.I. agent Eliot Ness will lose a few battles with the mobsters in the show's fourth series this year. "Untouchables" star, Robert Stack, says there will also be a deepening of characterisations and stories. Under his contract Stack has two more years with the series.

AUSTRALIAN songstress Diana Trask says that becoming a mother won't stop her singing career.

PAMELA MASON, wife of actor James Mason, is suing Loretta Young and Lyl Productions for 137,800 dollars. Mrs. Mason claims her daughter, Portland, was wrongfully fired from a role in Loretta's TV series "because I refused to buy Portland's wardrobe from Loretta's sister's dress shop."

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI, who wrote the opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," will write two musical dramas or operas for Columbia during the 1963-1964 season.

ACCORDING to reports that arrived back in the U.S. from entertainer Sophie Tucker, she was "treated like Jackie Kennedy" on her Australian tour.

EVER-POPULAR Ed Sullivan, whose TV show recently celebrated its 15th anniversary on U.S. networks, considers any programme starting now is faced with insurmountable difficulties in lasting more than 10 years.

M.G.M. is working on a television series based on William L. Shirer's "Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." The organisation bought both motion pictures and television rights to the book.

SINGER Connie Francis has made discs in six different languages for M.G.M. during the past two years. Her next album will be in Japanese.

Tommy gets the bird

Tommy Hanlon, famous compere of the famous show "It Could Be You," has had some strange contestants on his show, but none stranger than Billy Ryvers, of Miller's Point, one of Sydney's oldest suburbs.

BILLY is in the picture at right, the budgerigar sitting on the plastic toy Tommy is holding.

He is soon to be a contestant on the Four Leaf Clover segment of I.C.B.Y.

Billy makes the grade on I.C.B.Y. as a worker for Legacy and is appearing during Sydney's Legacy Week, September 2-September 7.

Billy's owner, Mrs. Ryvers, has been with Legacy for 32 years and is President of the Tuesday night Mothers' Club and a member of the Legacy Widows' Club.

Billy spoke for the first time when he was seven weeks old and now has a large vocabulary and distinguishes himself by saying, among other things: "I am a little Legacy boy and I like Tommy Hanlon's show."

Obviously a very shrewd bird, Billy kept saying "Sticky-beak" as I quizzed Mrs. Ryvers, but was much more affable to Tommy and posed with him, happily making complimentary remarks about his show.

"Birds love me," Tommy said, "although Billy is the first one to appear on my show."

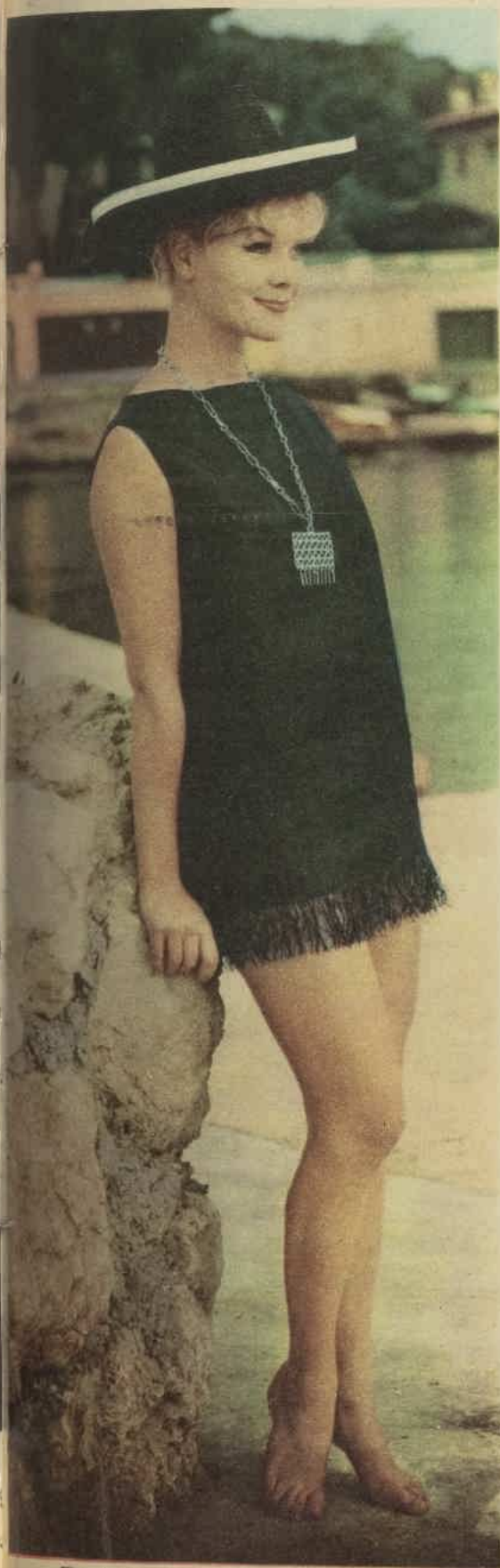
As I left B. Ryvers he was happily prattling a nursery poem, "Billy Ryvers is no good, Chop him up for firewood . . ."

Goodness knows what he will say on camera, but Tommy Hanlon is confident that he can cope. —Nan Musgrove

● You can meet budgie Billy Ryvers with Tommy Hanlon on Channel 9: Melbourne at 3 p.m., August 29; Sydney, September 5 at 12 noon; Brisbane, September 12, 3.30; Adelaide, September 19, 3.30. On Channel 6, Hobart, September 12, 2 p.m.; on Channel 7, Perth, September 5, at 1.30 p.m.



Cool collection of beach and sun SHIFTS for you to make . . .



7677. — Easy-to-make straight-hanging one-piece (above), designed with a prettily strapped top. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

7681. — Fringed straight-cut beach shift (left). Our material choice is straw cloth. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



7676. — Cool clean-cut tunic shift worn with matching short shorts (right). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



7679. — Short-cut hooded muu-muu (above left), a new way to chic. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



7680. — Sleeveless shift jacket (above right) and matching swimsuit (right). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



● Continued overleaf

Variety in SHIFTS for day — and late-day



7685. — Smart skim-the-figure late-day dress (left) has its own matching easy-fit jacket. The dress is sleeveless, low cut at back. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7683. — Classic shift (right) has an up-to-the-moment collarless sleeveless bodice top. Pleats add interest to skirt line. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 12yds. narrow braid. Price 3/9.



7682. — Suspender shift, right. This contemporary design is in white with suspenders in orange and pink. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. each of contrasting ribbon or braid. Price 3/9.

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CHOC-MIRA DESSERT. Cream together 2 oz. butter or substitute with 1 tablespoon sugar, add 1 beaten egg and mix in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Rosella Mira Plum Jam. Sift together 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves, pinch salt. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and a little vanilla essence. Spread mixture into a well-greased ovenproof dish. Combine 1 tablespoon sugar with 2 dessertspoons cocoa. Sprinkle over top of batter. Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Rosella Mira Plum Jam with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water. Gently spoon over ingredients in dish. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve warm with cream, custard or ice-cream.

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The Bulletin

INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES

The Magazine for Interesting People
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This swim-and-sun suit, with its matching head-scarf, was specially designed for a young mother-to-be.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"By summer I will be five months advanced in my first pregnancy. As I will be spending quite a lot of time on the beach I am anxious to make a cotton suit for swimming and sunbaking. Could you assist with a pattern?"

The bloomer-type one-piece made in a printed cotton (right) would be pretty and concealing for beachwear during pregnancy.

A paper pattern is available in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Please order according to bust size before pregnancy. Our maternity patterns are drafted to allow for expansion. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I am to be a matron-of-honor at a wedding at which the bridesmaids' dresses will be pale pink. Should I have my frock in the same color?"

The question of the design and color for your dress should be discussed with the bride. However, the general rule is: a matron-of-honor wears a dress in the same color as the bridesmaid, but in a slightly different style.

"Should I wear jewellery with slacks?"

Depends on how you define jewellery. It is now accepted as being correct to wear simple gold earrings and a gold bracelet or bracelets with tailored slacks. With at-home pants, more elaborate glittery costume jewellery is permissible.



DS492.—Maternity beach suit and matching kerchief in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"In October I am off for a two-week holiday to a country club cum ranch type of guesthouse. What should I take? I don't want the expense of formal riding clothes."

You will need suitable sturdy clothes for the daytime, including blue jeans

and elastic-sided boots or stout shoes for riding. Be sure to take a jacket or sweater and a couple of head scarves.

Take one or two pretty dresses or sweaters and skirts to change into at night. The choice depends on the climate of your destination. But you will definitely need nothing elaborate.



Once there was a woman who loved fine soft woollies . . . big fluffy blankets . . . cuddly woolly baby things . . . expensive sweaters and cardigans.



But so often washing meant matting and shrinking. (Soap powders—great for most fabrics—are too harsh for wool.)



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* Delicious Kentucky Special recipe in Cookery Section.

Pictured: New Golden Pine design-4 pint oblong casserole dish in Golden Glow stand.

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—makes it so easy to manage—
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● What a change there is in the attitude to holidays when the young move from school to a university. At least in the declared attitude—I must admit things work out pretty much the same in practice.

KATHERINE began her holidays by making a solemn announcement to the family that term holidays were not holidays at all, but simply the one time in the year when you could get a bit of work done without frivolous interruptions like lectures and practical classes.

"Everybody's got to make me work. I'm not going to go anywhere or do anything," she said.

Yesterday I tried to persuade her to come out with me to lunch with some friends who live half an hour's drive away.

"You can drive if you like," I said, offering the most tempting bait I could think of.

(People talk about the "sacrifices" mothers make for their children. The greatest of them all, as far as I'm concerned, is handing over the wheel of the family car and allowing yourself to be trundled around by novice drivers.)

But even this didn't tempt Kat. "I'm going to work," she said.

When I arrived home in the middle of the afternoon there was a note propped up for me on the sink.

Dear Mum,

Gone to Jenny's. We are going to WORK. Back some time, probably for dinner.

P.S. Pudding is bad for you. K.

The postscript was a warning that we would not be getting the pudding Kat had promised to make for dinner that night.

It's her speciality of the moment, and a good one now that the lemon tree is loaded with fruit.

You need:

4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, generous pinch of salt.

Beat the egg-yolks with the salt and half a cup of the sugar until light. Add the grated lemon rind and the juice, stir well, and cook over a pan of hot water until it has thickened. Beat the egg-whites with the remaining sugar until they are stiff, fold them into the lemon mixture, pour into a buttered dish or cake-tin, and brown lightly in a hot oven (about 5 or 6 minutes is enough).

This is very good served cold but not chilled, and with whipped cream.

No two cooks

cook alike

WRITING down other people's recipes always reminds me of a quotation from the poet Hilaire Belloc that was sent to me once by a cousin after she'd had a partial failure with a recipe I had given her.

Belloc said, "There is no one who has cooked but has discovered that each particular dish depends for its rightness upon some little point which he is never told."

"It is not only so of cooking; it is so of splicing a rope; of painting a surface of wood; of mixing mortar; of almost anything you like to name among the immemorial human arts."

This is so true. It often puzzles me the way people using the same ingredients, the same method, and even the same oven can get markedly different results with a dish.

I suppose it is just because cooking is an

art and not a craft that can be mastered by some slap-dash rule of thumb.

That's why there are great cooks and loving cooks and average cooks and poor cooks and bad cooks.

The most I can aspire to, I think, is being average—and cunning. I'm too wily to try anything that's really tricky and difficult.

Spectacular masterpieces ought to be left to those gifted people who are thrown into a state of creative frenzy by the sight of an egg-beater and a flour-sifter.

Parsley bread

for morning tea

I'VE never made Kat's lemon pudding myself, because I find it pays dividends not to horn in on any new recipes the girls discover.

If they try something new, and then someone else in the family starts making it as well or nearly as well, they lose interest.

But if it's allowed to become their special thing, then they're always willing to make it in response to popular demand.

Di's particular favorite at the moment is Parsley Bread, deliciously fattening for morning teas when spread with butter.

You need:

2 cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1oz. butter, 1 cup chopped parsley, salt. Enough milk to make it into a scope mixture.

Rub the butter into the flour, add the egg, salt, parsley, onion, and milk, stir to the consistency of scope dough, and put it into a greased and floured loaf-tin and bake in a hot oven.

Does a woman's age

show in her watch?

A VISITING Swiss watch manufacturer is most disturbed to find that Australian women regard a watch as an instrument for telling the time.

"Most Australian women, even fashion leaders, have only one watch," he said. "Almost invariably it is given as a present."

"If you know the year a watch was made, and make a guess at the age when a woman was most likely to have been given a watch, then you know her age."

Well, maybe, but I should think myself there are more reliable ways of guessing her age, and I doubt whether you can make time stand still by changing your timepiece.

But what fascinates me is the idea that there are certain ages at which a woman is likely to have been given a watch.

When she passed some schoolgirl examination? When she was 21? And then a long, long gap until her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary?

It is that long gap, I suppose, that the manufacturers want to bridge by persuading women to say to their husbands, "I can't wear this rotten old diamond watch any longer; it is a superseded model going on for three years old."

Incidentally, if you've saved a bit on your housekeeping and are looking round for something nice for your husband on Father's Day, there's a man's watch on the market now, surrounded by 102 diamonds, that will cost you a mere £1700.

BACKACHE?

like this



Can't
move
without
agony
?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

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● "After years of budgeting and babies," says the author, a mother of six, "I've learned to be thrifty and quick. And our home is happy."

30 ways to help mothers manage

● As the mother of six young children, living in a house which is large and hard to keep clean, I have, over the years, found many time- and money-saving hints that may interest other mothers with limited budgets and only two hands.

MY oldest child is ten. So you will realise I have plenty of uses for any time, or any money, I can save.

Now, the basic secret of running things smoothly is first, always get up early and go to bed early to keep yourself refreshed and healthy.

Instead, check beds daily as you make them, and change any bed that is starting to look grubby.

This divides the washing pretty evenly over the two big washdays, and also fits in with the housework better when there are a lot of beds to make.

8. Also there are always sheets on the line for carry-

each child or adult, a linen pile, a mending pile, a pyjama pile—it's best to have a communal pyjama drawer for little ones not old enough to mind their own clothes.

Hankies and old socks go into one end of pyjamas drawer.

13. These old socks are then handy to be worn inside

pyjama tops with sleeves shortened or made sleeveless.

But if the winter top is still good, don't cut it back for summer—next winter it will team with contrasting winter pants. Even if you have no old T-shirts for summer tops, you can cut summer tops from old dresses and save the good winter top.

In a big family the money thus saved on pyjamas is far better spent on other things. And don't think the children mind. They enjoy the big pyjama "swop-around" between the seasons.

18. At weekends children play hard and get very dirty in large play areas. Instead of worrying in case good clothes get torn or ruined by too much soiling, have an old clothes drawer they can "dress up" from.

Anything no longer fit for going out or to school in can go into the dressing-up drawer.

huge piles of work that look as though they'll never diminish.

22. Don't be afraid to get lots of help from the children, and your husband, too, if you can manage it. (I rarely can because he has lots to do outside—chook-feeding, wood-chopping, car maintenance, etc.)

23. When you are poor, or budgeting, the most important thing is your and the family's health. Spend the money on good plain food and do without the other things.

24. Use plenty of soap and water. A clean poor person looks richer than a dirty rich one, or a dirty poor one.

25. When you are busy with special jobs, remember the family must eat. Prepare the day's meals in the morning so that no matter how tired you get in the afternoon there will be no scratch meals.

that you don't know what you'd do without them.

28. But if you feel you have to ask a lot of them and you don't feel fair about it, then put a price you will pay on jobs that take time.

It doesn't have to be much. I pay a penny for drying and putting away a large wash-up. Small wash-ups they do for nothing, except words of appreciation.

29. I have a list of jobs for a penny and the children ask to do them. I keep a record and pay them weekly, and half of what they earn goes into the school bank. The rest—plus threepence each for the schoolchildren—they do what they like with—save it for presents, pictures, etc.

At a penny a time you can keep wages down under two or three shillings a week.

Mind, they know this is poor pay. But they know the budget can't give them any more, so they don't mind.

30. Besides being a good lesson in money management, this work-for-pay system is a good cure for the lazy one of the family.

It doesn't take children long to find out that the hardest workers are the ones who earn the most.

And it doesn't make the children mercenary, expecting pay for everything they do, because you point out first that they don't get paid for everything.

For me, the result of all this thought and planning is six happy, healthy children, a well-run household, and "head-swelling" remarks from neighbors about how well I manage and what a credit my children are to me.

Save work on wash-days

This is the only practical way to cope with the broken nights' sleep from teething babies and sick children.

Secondly, do something you want to do every day (such as gardening, sewing, etc.), even if you manage only half an hour or less.

You'll still get the housework done; in fact, you'll come back to it refreshed and able to get through in half the time.

3. I have found it unwise to use the washing-machine every day because of the time taken up hanging out, bringing in, sorting, and putting away clothes.

I rinse out "clean" things, "good" clothes or jumpers and nappies daily. The rest I save up to do two big washes a week—Mondays and Fridays.

4. I do two big clean-ups twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays. On Fridays it is mostly the back of the house, porch, and kitchen.

5. The children vacuum the carpets during the weekend, and I pay them 2d. for this.

6. They also tidy and dust their bedrooms, which means the whole house is clean in case of visitors and on Mondays only needs a quick picking-up and straightening—I can then start straight on to the washing.

7. Don't change every bed every week on a certain day.

ing in the wash. Hang one sheet on each quarter of your rotary—corners together—and drop the washing into the sheets to bring in when everything's dry.

9. Save time hanging washing out by having three or four bowls or buckets handy and sorting out the washing as you rinse.

Hankies, socks, pantees, underpants, and singlets go into one for first and second inside lines.

T-shirts, shortie pyjamas, babies' nighties, aprons, pillowslips, towels, pyjamas on third line, and any spaces left on the second line.

On the fourth outside line hang all the very light things that need ironing or dry easily—shirts, dresses, tea-towels, nappies, etc. Then you can get these things dry and in quickly and make room for the sheets, thick pants, etc.

10. When the clothes are dry and you can bring them in, drop the pegs into the peg-box and the dry clothes into the sheets (a washing basket won't hold all the clothes for a large family). This trick leaves both hands free.

11. Unpeg the sheets, sling over the shoulder—Santa style—and take all washing in at once.

12. Sort out clothes on large bed or table, whichever is nearest to where most of the clothes belong.

Sort into piles, one for

plastic boots at the weekends to save wear on school socks and shoes in the inevitable water and mud of a large backyard.

14. Try to get the mending done, and the ironing, and put all away together to save steps and drawer and wardrobe opening and closing.

Make clothes last longer

15. Big families usually have a lot of second-hand clothing given or passed down to them. Use every trick you know for keeping good clothes good as long as possible.

16. Winter clothes are the ones you are most likely to be short of, so take care of them and make them pass down from child to child again and again.

It's far easier to "make do" with worn things in summer, but if winter things are very worn they aren't warm. So put all winter clothes away carefully—including those valuable pyjamas.

17. Make shortie summer pyjama pants from old winter pyjama pants with the knees worn out. Use old sagging-neck T-shirts for tops, or the old winter-

Let the children play in whatever old clothes they like (including the old socks) and forget about them getting dirty. A good hot bath soon gets rid of that and who cares if the old clothes they have had for years have a rip here and there from tree-climbing.

19. In summer girls can wear shorts and T-shirts to give their dresses longer life.

With the evening meal under control you feel more relaxed and can work at your special job right up to the time of putting the meal on to cook.

26. I am expecting my seventh child. With a young baby in the house, co-operation is needed if you are to breast-feed and not go completely mad while time-keeping for feeding the

Let all the family help

Use this idea at holiday time and there will always be a nice clean pile of clothes for outings.

20. Don't iron old clothes unless they look positively shocking unironed. This idea preserves good clothes and tempers enormously and keeps down the mending and ironing.

21. Keep a sense of proportion when faced with

baby and fitting in family meals, etc.

Don't wait until the baby arrives to get help from the children. Start them off on jobs beforehand—and the extra rest will do you good.

27. After the birth, turn over to the children anything they can do to help.

Let them know that they must help because it is their home, but tell them, too,

However, I always give the children full credit for all their help. This snowballs to my advantage, really, for approval makes them even more helpful.

— "Happy Mother"

(Please send us your name and address, so that we can post your cheque.—The Editor.)

● Have you a story to tell? We will pay £5 to £20 for articles up to 1500 words. They should be about true problems or experiences arising from everyday life.



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So do busy mothers, housewives and working girls in 80 other countries, Australia included. Of course, that means you won't be the first to own a Wilkins Servis. But wouldn't you rather know there are over a million Wilkins Servis washers already proving their worth? Wilkins Servis make only washing machines . . . it's one reason we make them so well.

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INTERNATIONAL

INTERIOR showing compact dining-room opening into a spacious and well-lit kitchen. Timber room-divider is an attractive feature.



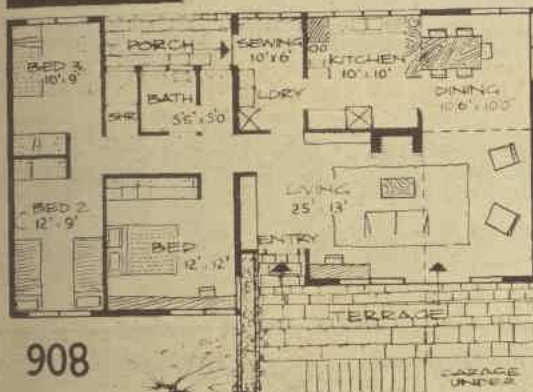
908

EXTERIOR of the well-designed timber home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Colin Williamson, of Avalon, N.S.W. Flat roof extends over the balcony, giving protection to the floor-to-ceiling windows in front. Entrance is through a small lobby and spiral staircase.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service



908

ORIGINAL FLOOR PLAN was modified by the Williamsons, who changed the master bedroom and altered the bathroom layout.

THIS attractive home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Colin Williamson, of Avalon, N.S.W., was adapted from our basic design No. 908.

The floor plan is designed in two sections—the living area and the sleeping area and bathroom.

The original exterior of Plan No. 908 had a gable roof and a paved terrace. The Williamsons' house has been built up to give room underneath for a double garage and workshop.

A small entrance lobby leads to the house by a suspended spiral staircase.

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"MRS. J. S. BRUNTON" begonia has shading from rose-pink to almost white at centre. The perfect waxen petals are distinctively ruffled and look almost artificial.

A BOOST FOR

● One of the garden world's most exciting developments is the rise to popularity of the splendid tuberous begonia.

ONCE seen only in expensive hot-houses, they can now be grown in sheltered conditions anywhere—even, with a little care, outdoors.

September is the month in which to plant these aristocratic and fussy beauties, which grow from corms similar to those of cycla-

men and gloxinias and bear gigantic flowers up to 10in. across.

All flowers shown on these pages are varieties of the family *Begonia tuberhybrida*—natural crosses between a dozen different begonia varieties from South American jungles. They flower all summer.

Tuberous begonias are so prone to natural hybridising that you probably won't be able to buy any of the named varieties shown on these pages—they are propagated from cuttings swapped between specialists.

The tubers or seedlings on sale are raised from seed and no one is exactly like any other.

They are sold usually by type; for instance, camellia-flowered or double-frilled; and then by color—red, salmon, white-edged scarlet, and so on.

Other shapes of tuberous begonia are sold as rose type, daffodil type, crested, ruffled, and bicolor.

Press the tubers, concave side up, into the surface of a shallow box of rich, well-drained compost made up of sand, granulated manure, and leafmould worked into light garden soil. Water carefully between



"PRINCE HAL," a semi-double variety of camellia-flowered begonia, is a deep rose-pink, with its camellia shape particularly pronounced.

"GOLDEN GLEAM," a camellia-flowered begonia. All flowers on these pages were photographed at the botanic gardens in Orange, N.S.W.



SCARLET on yellow single - type begonia. Flowers of this type all have frilled single white or yellow flowers edged in a contrasting color.



THE BEGONIA

the tubers and cover with plastic or paper to prevent evaporation.

When the pink eyes have sprouted to shoots 1in. high, transfer the tubers to 5in. or 6in. pots, being careful not to damage roots. The pots are filled with the same compost, plus a little powdered charcoal.

With plenty of water, your begonias will grow fast and soon you'll need to transfer them again—this time to 8in. or 9in. pots, with light stakes to support the heavy flowers later on.

You can grow them in a sheltered porch or bush-house with plenty of fresh air and morning sun. When the nights are really warm (between 50 and 60 degrees) they'll be quite safe outdoors if protected.

If you take the trouble to prepare a

protection from rain, which would damage the delicate, waxy flowers.

- Bigger tubers mean bigger plants—but not necessarily bigger flowers.

- Size of flowers is achieved at the expense of number—generally by removing all but one or two of the strongest shoots.



CARNATION - FLOWERED begonia "F. J. Bedson" is an exquisite, ruffled apricot-colored blossom, 8in. wide.

GARDENING

special bed with rich compost to a depth of 6in. and in a sheltered easterly aspect, they'll grow well outdoors—though the flowers won't be as large or as perfect.

Keep in mind the following rules:

- Water the soil around the plants—never the bulbs or the leaves themselves, which are prone to mildew and "damping off."
- Never expose them to midday sun, which is too drying.
- If growing outdoors, supply overhead



"THE GENERAL" is a magnificent camellia-flowered begonia in vivid deep scarlet.

Bringing Up Baby



with love...and

EDGELL-GERBER

AUSTRALIA'S MOST NUTRITIOUS BABY FOOD
Cereals, juices, strained and junior foods.



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LOW-CALORIE RECIPES

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

IN this four-page feature are a variety of health-giving delicious low-calorie dishes that will be enjoyed by all members of the family. So begin serving them during September in readiness for spring and summer.

Perhaps this may mean stretching the food budget a little, but it will reap a tenfold reward in a happy, energetic, and healthy family, as well as a new slim figure for their mother.

For those who wish to estimate their daily calorie intake we have given the number of calories in each serve, but it must be remembered that the figures are only approximate because the amounts served will vary with age, sex, and physical condition.

People on low-calorie or other diets for medical reasons are advised to check with their doctor their required calorie intake and the foods they are allowed to eat before serving the dishes given in this feature.

In a panel overleaf are a list of the foods essential to maintain a healthy body and increase its resistance to disease.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all our recipes.

SOUPS, APPETISERS

SPRING VEGETABLE SOUP

One cup chopped peeled tomatoes, 1 stalk chopped celery, 1 chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage, 4 cups water, 3 bouillon cubes, 1 teaspoon vegetable extract, 1 bayleaf, pinch of thyme, marjoram and basil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Place all ingredients except parsley in saucepan, simmer $\frac{3}{4}$ hour. Rub through strainer or mix in electric blender. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley. Serves 6.

Calories per serve, 25.

TOMATO SOUP-NOGG

One can condensed tomato soup, 1 soup-can water, 1 soup-can buttermilk or skimmed milk, snipped parsley.

Combine soup, water, buttermilk. Refrigerate. At serving time, pour into mugs; garnish with parsley. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 43.

TOMATO JUICE FRAPPE

Two and a half cups tomato juice, pinch salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon each worcestershire sauce, vinegar, and lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons chopped mint.

Mix tomato juice with all seasonings. Fill into refrigerator ice-cream tray, freeze to mush, stirring several times during freezing process. Spoon into shallow glass dishes, top with sprig of fresh mint. Serve as dinner appetiser. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 40.

SEAFOOD CREAM

One cup raw lean fish coarsely diced (1-3rd lb.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup onions (coarsely chopped), 1 cup raw green peppers or carrots (diced), $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken broth or 2 chicken bouillon cubes dissolved in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch celery salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground pepper, 1 cup milk, paprika or chopped chives.

Put fish, onions, vegetables, and broth into saucepan. Bring to boil. Cover, simmer until tender (about 15 minutes). Pour slowly into electric blender. Add salt, celery salt, pepper. Cover, blend about 30 seconds. Pour into bowl, stir in milk, place in refrigerator, and chill thoroughly. Sprinkle with paprika if green peppers are used, with chopped chives if carrots are used. Can also be served piping hot. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 84 to 106, depending on type of fish used.

SCALLOP SOUP

Two cups scallops, 1 quart skim milk, 2 table-spoons butter or substitute, salt and pepper, pinch of mace or nutmeg, paprika.

Melt butter, add scallops; cook 5 minutes. Scald milk and combine with scallops. Add salt and pepper to taste, mace or nutmeg. Simmer 3 minutes. Serve at once, with dash of paprika. Serves 6.

Calories per serve, 200.

ASPARAGUS CREAM SOUP

Three cups warm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry non-fat milk powder, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 cups asparagus cuts, 1 bouillon cube, chopped parsley.

Place 2 cups warm water in basin, sprinkle milk powder on top, beat until thoroughly mixed. Add egg-yolk, salt, onion, cayenne pepper. Heat to simmering point, stirring constantly, but do not allow to boil. Meanwhile, simmer asparagus cuts with bouillon cube and remaining water until very soft. Rub through strainer, mix the puree with milk mixture. Reheat, serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 85.

DISHES with low-calorie content are, from left, creamy lime parfait, frozen peach cream, and fresh fruit plate.



• This spring be slim and wear the new fashions with success. You can do it by cutting down on calories now

SEAFOOD DISHES

OYSTERS CREOLE

One chopped onion, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups tomato juice, pinch oregano, dash tabasco, salt to taste, 2 dozen bearded oysters.

Simmer all ingredients except oysters until onion is soft. Add bearded oysters, simmer 3 minutes. Serve at once. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 111.

FISH AND VEGETABLE MEDLEY

Three-quarters cup $\frac{1}{2}$ in. celery pieces, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup $\frac{1}{2}$ in.-thick carrot slices, 1 medium onion (sliced), $\frac{1}{4}$ small green or red pepper, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry curry-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ chicken bouillon cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flaked, steamed fish (solid-fleshed fish as leather jacket) or shelled prawns, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, cooked rice for non-dieters.

Cook celery, carrot, onion, and green pepper in oil until beginning to soften (6 to 8 minutes). Add dry curry powder, stir over heat 1 minute. Break up bouillon cubes, mix with water, add to vegetable mixtures. Simmer 6 to 8 minutes until vegetables are nearly tender, thicken with blended arrowroot. Fold in fish or prawns, add soy sauce, reheat. Serve hot with or without hot cooked rice. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 165.

PIQUANT LOBSTER IN THE SHELL

Three cooked lobsters (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 onions (finely chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 small can sliced mushrooms (drained), 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry or chicken bouillon, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, spinach.

Remove flesh from lobsters, taking care to keep tail shell whole. Wash flesh and inside shells, reserve shells. Cut lobster meat into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Melt butter or substitute in pan, then add onion, garlic, mushrooms. Cook over low heat 5 minutes. Sprinkle with flour, then gradually add sherry or bouillon; continue to cook 5 minutes more, stirring constantly until smooth. Add lobster meat, paprika, salt, pepper. Cover, cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Place lobster shells on oven-slide, then spoon lobster mixture into them. Sprinkle with cheese, bake 10 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot with cooked spinach, sauteed onion rings, and a bowl of mock hollandaise (see overleaf). Garnish plate with lemon slices and parsley. Serves 6.

Calories per serve, 420.

TASTY FOOD, from left, mock hollandaise sauce, cucumber dip, piquant lobster and spring salad.

Picture on this page by staff photographer Don Cameron.

THE MEAT COURSE

VEAL CHOP CASSEROLE

Four veal loin chops, 1 medium onion, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vegetable extract, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped fresh rosemary, 1 bayleaf, 1 small green pepper.

Trim chops, place in casserole, cover with sliced onion, carrot, celery. Sprinkle with salt, pepper. Dissolve vegetable extract in boiling water, mix with orange juice, sherry, tomato sauce, vinegar. Pour over vegetables and chops, stand aside 2 hours. Add rosemary, bayleaf, finely chopped green pepper; cover. Cook in moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until meat is tender and liquid has evaporated, leaving meat and vegetables tender and moist. Remove bayleaf before serving hot. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 116.

INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES

One pound lean minced steak, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 tablespoons onion (finely chopped), 4 tablespoons dry fine breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons horseradish, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 large ripe tomato, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, few drops tabasco.

Combine mince, egg, chopped onion, breadcrumbs, horseradish, parsley, salt, pepper. Mix thoroughly, form into 4 oblong loaves. Place in shallow baking-pan. Chop up tomato, combine with onion juice, worcestershire sauce, mustard, tabasco. Heat, then spread over top and sides of each loaf. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Once, half-way through baking, baste loaves with pan drippings. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 463.

CHOPS CREOLE

Four lamb shoulder chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper.

Brown chops in hot fat until golden brown, drain off any fat; season. Add tomato juice, green pepper, onion. Simmer covered 30 minutes or until tender. Serves 4.

Calories per serve, 480.

Continued overleaf



VEGETABLES

HOT VEGETABLE PLATE

One cup shredded cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced beans, 1 small onion (thinly sliced), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cauliflower sprigs, 4 tablespoons water, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, good sprinkling pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooked rice, 2oz. grated processed cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Place cabbage, carrot, beans, onion, celery, cauliflower sprigs in large saucepan. Add water, butter or substitute, salt, pepper. Cover; cook quickly, shaking pan frequently, 8 to 10 minutes, until all water has evaporated. (Watch closely, because when all water has evaporated carrot will catch and burn.) Fold in cooked rice, divide between 3 serving-plates, sprinkle with cheese, parsley. Serves three.

Calories per serve, 170.

EGGPLANT LUNCHEON BAKE

Two small onions, 1 stalk celery, 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vegetable extract, 1 small green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, pinch oregano, pepper, pinch salt, 1 medium-sized eggplant.

Place in pan onions, celery, water, vegetable extract. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Add green pepper, crushed garlic, tomatoes, oregano, pepper, salt. Peel eggplant, cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Place layer of eggplant slices in base of casserole. Spoon some of tomato mixture over, add another layer of eggplant and tomato mixture. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serves three.

Calories per serve, 100.

SPRING SALAD

Two red-skinned apples, 2 tablespoons lemon dressing, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced celery, 2 chopped shallots (including some green stalks), 2 small grated carrots, lettuce leaves.

Lemon Dressing: Mix 2 tablespoons lemon juice with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, good pinch pepper, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Wash and dry apples, leave unpeeled. Cut into small dice, discarding cores, seeds. Toss with lemon dressing, add celery, shallots, and carrots. Serve freshly made on lettuce leaves. Serves two.

Calories per serve, 115.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOCK HOLLANDAISE

One cup cottage cheese, 4 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks (well beaten), salt, pepper, pinch celery salt, dash garlic salt.

Combine cheese, water, lemon juice in top of double boiler. Whip with rotary beater or electric mixer until mixture is smooth, creamy. Add egg-yolks, salt, pepper, celery, garlic salt; blend thoroughly. Place over hot (not boiling) water; cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens (about 5 minutes). Serve hot with cooked spinach and filled lobster shells.

Sauce can be made in quantity, stored in tightly covered container in refrigerator and reheated over hot water as required. Serves six.

Calories per serve, 60.

COOL CUCUMBER DIP

Two large cucumbers, 1 cup cottage cheese, 1 2oz. can anchovies (chopped), 2 tablespoons chives (finely chopped), 1 small onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons parsley (finely chopped), 1 teaspoon salt, black pepper, extra chopped chives.

Cut cucumbers in halves lengthwise, remove inside flesh. Combine finely chopped cucumber pulp with cottage cheese, anchovies, chives, onion, parsley, salt, and pepper; blend thoroughly. Fill into small bowl or lettuce cup on plate, sprinkle with chives. Serve accompanied with starch-reduced rolls or biscuits.

Total calories, 350.

THE MEAT COURSE

(from previous page)

STUFFED BEEF ROLLS

One pound round steak cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cooked spinach, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup

chopped onion, 1 cup chopped skinned tomatoes, small piece bay-leaf, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper.

Trim fat from meat, cut into 4 equal-size pieces. Flatten with rolling-pin or meat chopper. Drain spinach thoroughly and chop. Mix nutmeg and half the onion, divide between meat portions. Roll meat round spinach, fasten with wooden picks. Heat to boiling the tomatoes, remainder of onion, bayleaf, and green pepper. Add meat rolls. Cover, bake in very moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours until meat is tender. Serves four.

Calories per serve, 220.

SPECIAL LUNCHEON MOULD

One ounce gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 can consomme or chicken broth, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 medium cucumber (grated), 1 cup chopped cooked corned beef, crisp greens, 1 hard-boiled egg (chopped).

Sprinkle gelatine on to water to soften. In medium saucepan combine consomme and lemon juice; heat just to boiling; stir in softened gelatine; heat, stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat, let cool, refrigerate until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from spoon. Fold in cucumber and corned beef, spoon into oiled mould, refrigerate until firm. Unmould on to greens, garnish with egg. Serve with starch-reduced rolls. Serves four.

Calories per serve, 118.

THE WELL-BALANCED DIET

● A well-balanced diet should include all the foods below. A healthful low-calorie diet for weight reducing should reduce to a minimum the amounts of fats, oils, and carbohydrates, but should include all other foods in balanced quantities.

Proteins: Contained in milk, lean white and red meat, fish, eggs, cheese, lentils, cereals, etc.

Fat and Oils: In milk, cream, butter, fatty meats, meat and vegetable fats (lard, margarine, etc.), fish oils, egg-yolk.

Carbohydrates: In cereals, starchy vegetables, jams, honey, starch products such as biscuits, cakes, bread, candies.

Vitamins: Most in dairy products, fresh fruit and vegetables, whole grain cereals, meat, fish, yeast, and yeast products.

Minerals: Best sources are dairy products, dark green vegetable, carrots, eggs.

Water: In all foods in varying amounts. Supplement with drinks, etc.



Delicious fruit drinks

• These health-giving drinks are packed with vitamins and are also wonderful thirst-quenchers.

ORANGE PICK-UP

One egg-yolk, 1 cup fresh or unsweetened canned orange juice, 1 cup soda water, few grains salt, nutmeg.

Beat egg-yolk. Mix all ingredients, except nutmeg, in blender or shaker. Pour into glasses, sprinkle nutmeg on top of each. Serves two.

Calories per glass, 105.

PINEAPPLE TEA PUNCH

One and a half cups cold tea, 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetening or tablets, ice-cubes.

Combine all ingredients, pour over ice-cubes in tall glasses. Let stand 2 or 3 minutes, then serve. Serves two.

Calories per glass, 50.

Concluding . . . LOW-CALORIE RECIPES

SPRING DESSERTS

COFFEE CHOCOLATE SPONGE

Three teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 1½ cups water, 4 tablespoons dry non-fat powdered milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, almond essence.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Blend cocoa and instant coffee with ½ cup of the water. Warm the 1 cup water, beat in dry powdered milk, sugar. Add this to cocoa-coffee mixture; heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved; flavor with vanilla, almond essence. Pour into wetted mould, chill until set. Serves six.

Calories per serve, 95.

FROZEN PEACH CREAM

One large can diabetic sliced peaches, 2 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon liquid sugar substitute, ½ cup iced water, ½ cup non-fat powdered milk, extra peach slices, cherries.

Drain peaches, reserve liquid. Chop peaches roughly. Soften gelatine with peach juice, then stir in boiling water. Add peaches, lemon juice, sugar substitute. Cool until slightly thickened. Place iced water in small basin, add powdered milk, whip until soft peaks form. Fold peach mixture into whipped milk. Pour into oiled mould, chill at least 2 hours or until firm. Then unmould on serving-dish, garnish with peaches and cherries. Serves four.

Calories per serve, 86.

CREAMY LIME PARFAIT

One and a quarter cups liquid skim milk (made from non-fat powdered milk), ½ cup evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon liquid sugar substitute, 1 tablespoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup non-fat powdered milk, ½ cup iced water, 1 packet lime diabetic jelly, angelica.

Combine skim milk and evaporated milk in saucepan, place over low heat until bubbles appear at edge of pan. Mix together gelatine and ½ cup cold water, then stir into hot milk. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add sugar substitute, vanilla, salt. Pour into 2 freezer-trays; cool to room temperature. Place in freezer about 1 hour. Blend powdered milk with iced water in small bowl. Beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until soft peaks form. Scrape frozen mixture into bowl, beat until slightly softened and smooth. Fold in whipped milk. Return mixture to freezer-trays, freeze until just firm. Make jelly as directed on packet, place in refrigerator until set. Arrange alternate layers of frozen mixture and lime jelly in tall parfait glasses, top with spoonful of frozen mixture, then decorate with angelica leaves. Serves six.

Calories per serve, 60.

DIETER'S CUSTARD

Two cups warm water, 4 tablespoons non-fat powdered milk, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, nutmeg.

Beat dry powdered milk with warm water until thoroughly mixed. Add salt, sugar, beaten eggs, vanilla. Divide between 4 custard cups, dust tops with nutmeg. Stand cups in dish with hot water coming halfway up cups. Bake in slow oven 35 to 45 minutes until custard is set. Serve hot or cold. Serves four.

Calories per serve, 122.

PINEAPPLE SUNSHINE CUPS

Two cups buttermilk or skimmed milk, 6oz. unsweetened pineapple juice, liquid sweetener, 6 small oranges (peeled), 6 strawberries.

Combine buttermilk and pineapple juice in medium-size bowl; sweeten with sweetener, beat until well blended. Pour into ice-cube tray or pan, freeze until firm almost to middle. Spoon into chilled medium-sized bowl; beat quickly until fluffy and smooth; return to tray; freeze 2 to 3 hours longer or until firm. Separate sections of each orange slightly to form cup, place in dessert dishes, scoop sherbet into middle. Garnish with a strawberry. Serves six.

Calories per serve, 20.

APRICOT CLOUD

One egg-white, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup pureed apricots.

Beat in small bowl the egg-white, salt, cream of tartar until foamy white and doubled in volume. Beat in sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, until meringue forms soft peaks. Fold in lemon juice, apricots. Spoon into dessert dishes; top with lemon-custard sauce and serve.

Lemon-Custard Sauce: One egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon evaporated milk.

Beat egg-yolk with sugar in bowl until thick, blend in lemon juice and evaporated milk. Serves four.

Calories per serve, 150.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET

One and a half teaspoons gelatine, 3 dessertspoons water, 1½ cups unsweetened pineapple juice, 6 sweetening tablets, 1 egg-white.

Soften gelatine in water, add to heated pineapple juice with sweetening tablets. Stir until dissolved. Allow to cool, pour into refrigerator-tray, freeze until beginning to set round edges. Turn into basin, whip until fluffy, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Return to tray, freeze, stirring frequently. Serves three.

Calories per serve, 106.

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GOLDEN-BROWN Banitzas squares, filled with egg-and-cheese mixture, are ideal as a snack or supper dish.

Reader's recipe wins £5

● An unusual Bulgarian recipe for a puff-pastry slice layered with egg-and-cheese mixture wins the £5 main prize this week.

A BUTTER CAKE flavored with lemon, nuts, and sultanas and topped with a crunchy baked topping wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

BANITZA

One pound puff pastry, 8 eggs, 1lb. matured cheese (grated finely). Roll puff pastry thinly, cut into as many rectangles as possible, the same size as tin to be used. Beat eggs, mix with cheese. Line shallow lamington-tin with 1 layer of pastry, then spread a little egg-and-cheese mixture on top. Continue layers of pastry and egg-and-cheese

mixture until all are used, finishing with layer of pastry. Bake in moderately hot oven 40 to 45 minutes, or until golden brown. Serve hot, cut into squares.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Nikoliev, 17 Pearson Street, Williamstown, Vic.

CRUNCHY-TOPPED SULTANA CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon each cinnamon and spice, pinch salt, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1/2 cup sultanas.

Cream together butter, sugar, lemon rind; add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add honey, beat again. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Then fold in walnuts and sultanas. Fill into 7in. round or square cake-tin lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven about 55 to 60 minutes. Remove from oven, add topping while still hot, return cake to oven until topping is golden brown.

Topping: One dessertspoon butter, 1 1/2 tablespoons honey, squeeze lemon juice, 1/2 cup desiccated coconut, 1/2 cup rolled oats, pinch salt.

Cream together honey, butter, and lemon juice, mix in coconut, oats, salt.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Barrowcliff, 60 Tyne Ave., Hilburn, S.A.

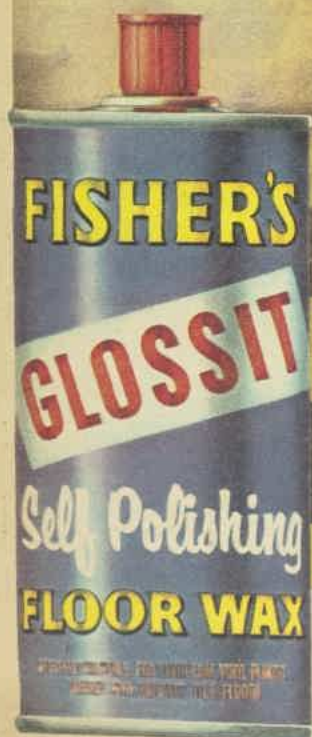
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KENTUCKY SPECIAL

One 2 to 3in. thick slice cushion bacon (or similar cut), 5 peppercorns, 1 onion, 2 teaspoons mustard, 1 bayleaf, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 can pineapple rings, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dozen cloves, glace cherries.

Soak bacon a few hours in water to cover, changing water 2 or 3 times, if possible. Then place in large pan with clean cold water, peppercorns, quartered onion, mustard, bayleaf, and vinegar. Bring slowly to simmering point, continue cooking over low heat 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Remove from heat, set aside so bacon will remain in water until cold.

Lift out, drain and place in greased heatproof casserole. Drain syrup from pineapple rings, pour it over bacon, arrange pineapple rings over top. Cream butter and brown sugar, spread over pineapple pieces, stud with cloves. Cover casserole with lid; bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours, depending on thickness of bacon. Uncover casserole, spoon glaze over pineapple and bacon, cook further 15 minutes to brown pineapple. Add cherries for garnish, serve.

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Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 29

seven that morning, except that Boris' body had been carried away up the path to the police van at the top. The disorder that had first assailed her gaze was now being recorded on police film and notebook.

Clothes and miscellaneous objects strewn the floor, and chairs were overturned. Someone had cannoned into the dressing-table, sending the things on top flying. Spilt face lotion and powder and loose coins had flown in all directions. Someone had clutched at a curtain and torn one edge from its rings. On the wall opposite the door a picture with its glass shattered by a flying missile hung drunkenly, and on the bed a cup of coffee had been spilt, soaking sheet and mattress. Violence and hate spoke from every corner of the room.

Grogan pondered as he surveyed the wreckage. "My word, it was a willing go! You can't beat real animal-lovers for toughness in their dealings with humans. The old dame knocks off this McEvoy as you'd swat a fly. 'Course they'll plead unsound mind, that she went berserk at the killing of her dog, and had a blackout, didn't remember pulling the trigger. She may get away with it, too."

"Dependin'," Manning said in unusual agreement, "on how many of the jury has a pet animal themselves."

Having heard the return of the detectives, Virginia and Dal had retired to the study, the room in which the dead man had spent so many apparently satisfactory hours doing, as his restless young wife had pointed out to him, precisely nothing. That was precisely what she and her brother had

been doing ever since early this morning when Dal had come hurrying up from Cornwall's house at the news of the tragedy.

A strained silence had fallen on the pair. Too much had been said between them before Boris' death to allow of them making a show of bemoaning that death now. Virginia sat gazing out of the window with an expressionless face. Her eyes were unreadable, and her hands, loosely folded in her lap, had an air of waiting.

Dal took out a cigarette, put it back, glanced at his sister, now sole mistress of this domain and of Boris' not entirely negligible estate. He swallowed frequently, blinked, seemed to find the silence as hard to bear as words.

IN the face of a happening so violent his youthful nerve appeared to have flown. He kept glancing with apprehensive looks toward the door, as though expecting to see Boris at any minute walk in with that heavy step, that heavy presence of his, cross the room, taking no notice of anyone, walk over to his desk and sit down and start to uncover his typewriter or sharpen a pencil; or go to his record cabinet and stand fussing about, tidying and sorting his records.

When steps came along the passage, Dal fumbled once more with the cigarette he was preparing to light and murmured: "Do you think we ought to be smoking, Jinny?"

Virginia flicked him a glance and turned her eyes to the door. She got up, and was speaking almost

before the detectives had time to come into the room.

Quite a calm and collected little widow now, the inspector thought, eyeing her appreciatively. Earlier in the morning she'd gone a bit to pieces, had shaken and shivered, been speechless when questioned about her husband's death. But maybe, he thought, when you were as eye-catching as this, and not more than twenty-one or twenty-two, five or six hours was not enough to let grief feed on your damask cheek!

She was saying: "I do want you to realise, Inspector, that Miss Hocking couldn't have known what she was doing. She's the nicest old thing, she really is."

"Very understanding of you, Mrs. McEvoy," Grogan said, "to defend her. You wouldn't expect her niceness to weigh much with you this morning."

"No, but really, I mean it. She simply couldn't have known what she was doing. She must have gone quite crazy when she found Larry dead. He was the sweetest dog, so friendly. How anyone could've—" She shook her head and looked from one to the other, and when Virginia turned on anyone the battery of her eyes she was used to seeing it take effect. This time she had to continue without encouragement:

"Well, anyhow, I'm sure she must've picked up that gun, and it went off before she knew what had happened. And then she just ran up to the bus."

"Nothin' very crazy about that, was there?" Manning

put in: "Kiddin' she thought her dog was still alive."

"Well, you naturally would. When you found what you'd done you'd naturally try to save yourself somehow, even if you'd been quite mad at the moment you did it."

Grogan said: "Oh, there's no doubt she was in a very disturbed state of mind. You've only got to take one look at the bedroom to realise that. At first, your husband must've just tried to hold her off, keep her at bay, like, and protect himself from her attack. But the gun coming into the picture—well then, of course, anything can happen. Was your husband a quick-tempered sort of man, would you say?"

She smoothed a silky eyebrow and crossed her slender brown ankles, hesitated a minute, "Yes — no — well, rather, perhaps."

Dal put in: "Perhaps he was rather like Miss Hocking. Hardly knew what he was doing when he found his rooster dead and rushed off and drowned Larry."

Grogan looked at him with a headshake. "A violent deed's a violent deed wherever it comes. And quite frankly we see no signs of aberration in Miss Hocking. None whatever. We've just come from there, and she seems every bit as sane as what you and I are."

"Yes, now, perhaps," Virginia said. "But you can imagine what she was like at the time. The shock, the loss! I realise it may seem a little odd me defending her like this when it was my husband, but— It's too terrible to think of the poor little thing being

To page 61

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Handknitted spring jacket

• A deep cape collar instead of sleeves is a new spring fashion in this jacket.

Materials: 18 (B, 19; C, 20) balls Patons Mohair brushed knitting yarn; 1 set of four No. 8, No. 10, and No. 12 knitting needles; 6 buttons. (Note: The sets of needles are used for collar only.)

Measurements: 32 (B, 34; C, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23 (B, 23½; C, 23½) in.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. in width on No. 8 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; tog., together; alt., alternate; beg., beginning.

RIGHT FRONT

Using two No. 10 needles, cast on 72 (B, 78; C, 84) sts.

Work 11 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. 12th Row: Knit.

Change to two No. 8 needles and com. with a k row, work 6 rows st-st.

7th Row: K 7, cast off 3, k 12, cast off 3, k to end.

8th Row: Purl, cast on 3 sts. over those cast off on previous row. Cont. straight in st-st., making double buttonholes as before every 21st and 22nd row until 13 rows after 4th set of buttonholes have been worked.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (B, 6; C, 7) sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row 5 times, at same time making 5th set of buttonholes on 21st and 22nd row. Cont. straight until 6 (B, 8; C, 8) rows after 6th set of buttonholes have been worked. Cast off 32 (B, 33; C, 34) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 21 (B, 24; C, 27) sts. rem.

Work even until armhole measures 7½ (B, 8; C, 8) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 7 (B, 8; C, 9) sts. at armhole edge every alt. row 3 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front, making shapings at opposite end of needle and omitting buttonholes.

BACK

Using two No. 10 needles, cast on 94 (B, 102; C, 110) sts. Work 11 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

12th Row: Knit.

Change to two No. 8 needles and cont. straight in st-st., commencing with a k row, until work measures same as

front to underarm, ending with a p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 (B, 6; C, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 5 times. Work straight until armholes measure 7½ (B, 7½; C, 7½) in. on the straight.

Next Row: K 24 (B, 27; C, 30), cast off 26 sts., k to end of row. Work on last 24 (B, 27; C, 30) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 21 (B, 24; C, 27) sts. rem.

Shape shoulders to correspond with fronts. Join in wool at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

COLLAR

Using four No. 8 needles, cast on 258 sts.

1st Row: K 6, * p 3, k 6, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 6, * k 3, p 6, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until collar measures 6in.

Change to four No. 10 needles and cont. in rib until collar measures 10in. from beg. Change to four No. 12 needles and work in rib until collar measures 13in.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., p 3, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog.

Cont. in rib until collar measures 14in. altogether. Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVE FACING

Join shoulders with back-stitch seam. Using two No. 10 needles and with right side facing, pick up 124 (B, 128; C, 128) sts. evenly around armhole edge.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of needle.



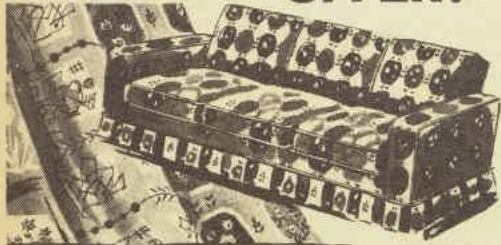
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice, then 1st row once. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Turn back hem 16 sts. wide along each front and sl-st. on wrong side. Work round buttonholes. Sew side seams. Turn back facing round armholes and sl-st. on wrong side. Sew on collar and buttons.

BUTTON-UP mohair jacket is handknitted in stocking-stitch with a ribbed collar trim. Directions are given for 32, 34, and 36in. bust sizes.

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arrested and tried for murder. It must be obvious to everyone that she wasn't responsible when she fired that shot."

"Have you any specific reason for saying that, Mrs. McEvoy?" Grogan asked. "Has her behaviour at other times shown any signs of abnormality?"

"Definitely," Virginia said vigorously. "Oh, definitely."

"Such as?"

"Well, for one thing, being so madly wrapped up in a dog and treating it quite as if it was a person."

"There wouldn't hardly be anyone out of the asylum if they were to certify 'em on those grounds," Manning said with a sniff.

"Oh, normal affection for a pet, yes. I'm not saying there's anything funny about that."

"But rushing about the countryside with it, and whistling through her teeth like a schoolboy. And when he was ill having the vet out there for him three times in one week, yet not being able to afford a doctor for her own poisoned hand, or so she said. And Larry was always brushed and spruced up, while she never crossed the door without that preposterous old red beret glued to her head day and night, winter and summer."

"My word, that's the line of talk my wife likes to put over on me," Grogan said with a laugh. "She'll be a marked woman, a crazy eccentric, if she doesn't buy a new hat every time she goes out! Wish I could get her to take a leaf out of Miss Hocking's book!"

"But surely," Virginia said plaintively, "there's a limit to everything? I think that red beret's mad. And then talking to him as if he was human and pretending he was answering."

"Did she do that?"

"She did, too. Ask anyone. Everyone heard her. Saying things like, 'It's no use telling me that, Larry, and, 'Now don't answer back.' Well really! I ask you! It's no different from talking to yourself, and everyone knows that's a sure sign of insanity."

GROGAN said, "Not a bit of it. No, no, you won't find any support for that theory among the experts. It's a common trick with folk who live alone. It's only going a bit farther than letting out a few swear words when you run into a door or hammer your finger. See what I mean?"

"Oh, well, Inspector," Virginia yielded gracefully, "of course you know all the legal side of this thing—when people can plead insanity and when they can't—but I've known Miss Hocking for six months and I don't think she's quite all there." She turned to Dal. "Didn't you mention only last night, Dal, that on her way back from the store she went on quite wildly to you and Mr. Cornwall?"

"I'll say she did! She could easily have gone round the bend, I thought. Mr. Cornwall thought so, too." Dal had decided to light that cigarette and was now drawing on it deeply, his confidence seemingly restored. "After she'd gone, he said, 'Trouble brewing there, all right. Someone should try and make Boris see what he's doing to her.'"

"You gained the impression, then," Grogan asked, "that if he harmed the dog she had every intention of carrying out her threat to kill him?"

"Well—I—I didn't mean that, of course. I—" Dal mumbled and drew in the smoke again, hollowing his youthful cheeks, accentuating the moulding of his high cheekbones.

Distressfully, Virginia sighed. "Oh, if only I'd been here last night! Just the one night when I went down to that old boatshed and dropped asleep there! I could've stopped it, I'm sure. I could've calmed them down somehow."

"This gun, Mrs. McEvoy, that you say your husband must've kept locked up?"

"Yes?"

"I was just wondering if he had any idea of what trouble was coming. Did you know where he kept it?"

"No, I didn't. I've no idea. You see, we'd only been married six months, and my husband had lived

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 58

here for six years and had collected a lot of stuff. You know what unmarried men get like. When they get around middle-age—my husband was forty-two—they often seem to develop quite old-maidish ways and don't seem to like anyone nosing about among their possessions. There are cupboards and boxes in the house that I've never even looked in."

It was true that Virginia had never seemed to become really mistress of this house. When she married she had brought herself there with her pretty clothes and her seductive ways, appearing more like

a temporary boarder than an established wife.

Grogan asked: "Last night, now. You left the house to go down to the boatshed at—what time did you say?"

"Twelve, a bit before, perhaps."

"And was the gun anywhere about then?"

"No, oh, no, I didn't see it."

"No. Most likely he didn't take it out till he'd been down to her place and drowned the dog and come back here and thought she might be up after him."

Virginia sighed again. "It's impossible to say. I still maintain they must both have been out of their minds to do such dreadful things. All I pray is that poor Miss Hocking won't be sent to some frightful gaol for the rest of her life."

Dal murmured that now Larry was dead she probably didn't have much to live for. At least, that was the way he guessed she'd be feeling.

Ten minutes later the inspector stepped on to the dirt road at the top of the hill and walked along toward the store.

As he approached the wooden building, a fairly commodious shop below and four box-like rooms above, he thought that in a place like this what wasn't known at the store wasn't worth knowing. The items of interest that townsfolk took to their clubs or their espresso bars to chew over, country folk thrashed out at the local store or pub.

The scattering of people that patronised Vetch's store lived inland a bit from the bay, and though they mightn't have known of Miss Hocking's existence twelve hours ago, by now there wouldn't be one of them, he guessed, that wouldn't be able to tell you the color of her eyes and which shoe she laced up first. He put the short half-mile behind him and entered the

To page 63



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store. Ten to one, he thought, the driver of the bus she went to Fordham on was Mr. Vetch's cousin.

But he was wrong: he was Mrs. Vetch's brother-in-law. It being the midday dinner hour, business was slack, and Mrs. Vetch, neat, quick, and bird-like, was alone at the far end of the counter unpacking and making a pyramid of tinned soup. She desisted willingly to answer the inspector's questions, and to supply some few of her own.

Yes, she confirmed, that was right, Miss Hocking had caught the seven o'clock bus into Fordham this morning, not a thing she often did, so Mrs. Vetch supposed that was why she happened to take note of her. She herself had been upstairs in her room, dressing, and she'd looked down and seen her waiting and get into it. No, she hadn't spoken to her, so she couldn't truly say whether she'd seemed agitated or anything like that.

She'd stood quite quietly

waiting, looking up the road every now and then to see if the bus was coming, but not impatient, you'd say, or like she was in any great hurry to get anywhere. When the bus came along she'd stepped on to it, and Mrs. Vetch had heard her say, just in her usual voice, "Good morning, Harry," to the driver.

"Harry's my sister's husband. Of course we're not open that early or I would have spoken to her," Mrs. Vetch said, with an obvious note of regret in her voice, not so much at the loss of an hour's trading as at the missed opportunity of contacting Miss Hocking, on whom now the limelight shone so blindingly.

"At other times," she went on, "we always had a few words together. I mean, not only when she came into the shop, but when she passed by with Larry, taking him for

Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 61

a walk. But this morning I just thought, well, there's Miss Hocking getting the bus. I wonder what she's going into Fordham so early for. Is it your idea, Inspector, that her first intention was to try and escape?"

"No, no," he said. "She doesn't seem to have had that in mind at all."

"It wouldn't've been much use, would it?"

"Not a lot. How long did she stand there waiting?"

"Quite a while, fifteen minutes at least, I'd say."

MRS. VETCH'S eyes went over his shoulder to the very spot outside the door where Miss Hocking, with the weight of her only fifteen-minutes-old guilt upon her, had stood in the shade of the big gum tree.

"Of course, you knew the murdered man, too?" Grogan asked.

Her eyes came back to his face, and their expression cooled. "Oh, yes. It was in here late yesterday, as you

doesn't look strong enough to stand up to a thing like this. Though I did say to Mr. Vetch as I stood at the window looking down at her, 'Gosh! Look at Miss Hocking. Doesn't she wear well? She moves so briskly, and hardly a grey hair in her head.'"

Grogan's hand dropped from the top tin of the pyramid that it had been steadying, and leaning on his elbow he went into a short trance; while Mrs. Vetch looked at him thinking: Plenty of questions, but half the time they don't seem to hear what you answer!

At last he straightened up and said, as though there had been no pause: "Yes, she's a neat little figure. How did you come to notice her hair though?"

"What?" Mrs. Vetch, not slow to take note of his heightened attention, gave him a sharp look.

"I mean, in that beret they tell me she always gets around in. How did you see her hair?"

"Yes, that's right . . . But she didn't have it on this

tion sounded barely interested. She made no attempt to get up, and didn't ask him to sit down.

"I understand you always wear a red beret when you go out. Most people in the country get around hairless, but they tell me you're never seen without this red beret of yours." He stood at the end of the table, disarmingly agreeable in manner, thumbs hitched over his snugly fitting belt. He looked down at her small thin face lifted incuriously to his and paused to find a change of expression on it.

There was none. Yet somehow he sensed that she had leaped to the point ahead.

"Well, now," he went on, "you weren't wearing it this morning when you took that bus ride to Fordham. In the course of conversation up at the store, Mrs. Vetch paid you a very nice compliment."

"She said she saw you waiting before the bus came along, and she said to her husband how well you carried your age, moving so briskly and with hardly a grey hair in your head. Questioned, she said you were bare-headed this morning."

Miss Hocking sat up a little straighter in her chair and fingered the rim of her plate. "I see," she murmured. "I see . . ."

"Well, naturally you see! There's only one thing I reckon that anyone could see." He sat down in the opposite chair and leaned forward across the table to her.

"Like I said before, you missed your dog before you'd put on your beret for this trip to Fordham, and, fearing that something might've happened to him, you rushed out of the gate and up to McEvoy's place. As you know, and I know, someone will break a habit of years if they're upset enough about something. And as I see it, you were upset, and full of fear. You knew right well his throat was no empty one."

"Didn't you say yourself you'd had a bad night worrying about it? Just as McEvoy must've known you meant business when you threatened him in return. Otherwise, why did he get that gun from where it was put away? Naturally, after you had this quarrel with him and you'd shot him, you don't wait to come back home for your beret. Your one thought is to carry out your original plan and get up to the bus."

Just as Miss Hocking had seen where the first mention of her beret was leading, so now she was ready with her answer. While he had talked, her face had been as expressionless as the wall behind her. Had she been listening to his last speech, or had she been hastily summoning her ingenuity for an explanation?

Almost before he ended she said: "No, you're wrong. You're quite wrong in all that."

"O.K., you tell me what, then."

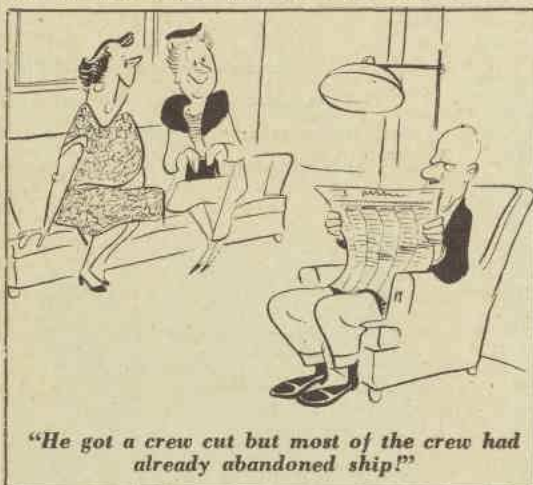
"I think you mentioned, Inspector, when you were here before, that you'd owned dogs."

"That's right. Quite a number over the years."

"Well, haven't you ever had one that went mad with delight when you said the word 'walk' or went out into the hall and put on your hat? How they bark and leap with joy, and paw at the door! Larry was like that the minute I put on my beret. He'd be off up the hill a dozen times, and back, and barking at me to hurry up."

"So this morning when I was leaving I was anxious he

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know, that the row between them took place. I must say I was sorry for her. He wasn't truly likeable, Mr. McEvoy."

"In what way, wasn't he?" "Well, for one thing he was very close with money. Mrs. McEvoy has—had, I suppose I should say now!—quite a bit of trouble getting all the things she needed. And if there was as much as a mistake of tuppence on the bill, he'd check and we'd hear about it."

"Go on!" Grogan clucked sympathetically. "That's certainly not a very likeable trait, is it?" and looking round the well-stocked snug little store where in company with other monopolists the Vetches would expect those extra tuppences to go unchecked, he thought to himself, "likeable!" McEvoy's behaviour in their eyes would be nearly worse than murder!

"Poor Miss Hocking," Mrs. Vetch was saying, "a true little gentlewoman if ever there was one, the hubby and I always say. Without her ever dressing up or putting on any airs. I'd like to say right now, Inspector, that everyone'll speak up for her. She's been coming into the shop for twelve or fifteen years, just about. As for the dog, he was the sweetest-tempered animal. He'd come in here with her and let the kiddies play with him and—I just can't bear to think of it. How did she seem when you saw her?"

"Oh, she's not too bad," Mrs. Vetch smiled. "I'm glad to hear that. I don't suppose it's come home to her yet what she's done. She



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shouldn't know I was going out, and follow me, so I just gave him a pat and slipped away when he wasn't noticing. If he'd caught a glimpse of my beret he'd have been up, leaping the fence and after me."

"I see. That's your explanation, is it?"

"It is."

"But look now, Miss Hocking, why didn't you put your beret in your pocket and pop it on when there was no chance of Larry spying it?"

"This dress has no pocket; this is what I was wearing."

"In your shopping bag, then?"

This challenge gave her a moment's pause. Then: "I didn't take a shopping bag this morning."

"You didn't? Well, my word, that's funny! You go into Fordham, where I don't reckon you go too

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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often, and there are plenty of good shops in there, and I'd expect that any lady'd take the opportunity to make one or two little purchases. Things not stocked by Vetch. Some little thing at the draper's, for instance, or a few nice cakes for your tea. I know my wife wouldn't go within cooee of a shopping centre but what she'd be armed with a fine, roomy receptacle!"

Miss Hocking said coldly: "I had neither time nor money to go round the shops. My aim was to see the carpenter and make my arrangements with him and get home to my dog." She got up and stood

stiffly erect, battle in her eye, a glint that lit her dark pupils. She was the challenger now. "There's just one thing you haven't taken care of, Inspector."

"Oh, What's that, now?"

"If it was as you say, that I rushed out with only one thing in mind — to attack Boris McEvoy — how do you account for my having my bus fare into Fordham and back, which the driver will be able to tell you I did have. You're not suggesting, are you, that I was

calm and collected enough to go through the dead man's pockets, or his wife's purse, after shooting him!"

"You didn't need to." Grogan got up, too, and pushed the chair he'd been sitting on into the table. "And, as you ask me, I've got to say that I think it's real cute of you, bringing up that point suggesting that you never saw all that silver that got scattered about in the fight. There it was to your hand, shillings and two-bob pieces just for the picking up."

She took her plate from the table and carried it over to the sink and ran water in it. With her back to

him she said: "When I left here at half past six this morning I was carrying my suede purse. There it is on the dresser."

He looked across at the worn little object and thought: guide-book evidence, eh? Charles the First slept here. It must be true because there's the bed to prove it!

Shortly after, the inspector was back at the McEvoy's house. He came down from the police van up above and entered by the back gate.

He paused for a moment at the fowlyard, where the fatal events of the night had begun. A warm enclosed little plot of ground, with lucerne bushes and a gnarled old pepper tree drooping a green curtain over the tin roof of the hen-house. Inside the run, scratched-up earth and a broken pudding basin of drinking water and eleven widowed hens.

It may have been the presence of the strange man that caused the hens to stalk up and down as when a hawk appears overhead, to give off low, throaty cluckings and nervously jostle and wheel on the confines of their run. Or was their near-panic a remnant of the lingering horror of the night when a monster had pushed his way under the slack wire-netting of their citadel and seized on and carried off their master? There he was, still lying outside, only a few feet away, his once glossy feathers dragged, his masterful strutting at an end, his proud, lusty voice silent. On the

FROM THE BIBLE

● "But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

—Matthew 14.27.

To the storm-tossed disciples, Jesus offered peace and freedom from fear.

stony pathway was a scatter of blood, caked and browning in the sultry day.

Suddenly Grogan stooped to the dead rooster and turned it over and examined it closely. Then he went on into the house.

Throughout these morning hours, on the verandah of the Pritchards' house, strategically placed as it was for his purpose, Jeffrey Cornwall, behind a pair of binoculars, had constituted himself compere of the outward events connected with the tragedy. Seated on a canvas stool, elbows on the verandah rail, he trained his glasses on everything that came and went, reporting progress in suitably solemn tones to anyone who might be present.

And it was hard to keep away from the verandah that day with so much new life, subscribed by death, added to the scene. Alison, too shocked to be idle, brought out a drawerful of old letters that Toby had given her to sort. Toby walked in and out, razor or hairbrush in hand, and Norah took up her station on the cane lounge after a pretence of doing her housewifely jobs.

Cornwall had been there from quite early on, his bottle-shouldered back presented to them in grey shirt and flannel pants, long flat feet in rope sandals tucked comfortably under the stool.

What a tragedy! What a tragedy! He pressed the glasses more firmly into his eye-sockets. The Bay was going to be a sad place from today. There were those two detectives coming out of Miss Hocking's house at last. That inspector chap and the other one. Decent enough fellows, no doubt. And, anyhow, there wouldn't have been any need for them to get tough with her. Yes, there they were. They were passing his place now and walking round by the water. Taking their time!

These chaps never seemed to be in a hurry. Now they were standing still, looking over the bay. Moving on, now. Going up to the McEvoy's. Now they'd gone into the house. You'd think there'd be

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BEST FOR BABY

BEST FOR YOU

enough of 'em in there already, wouldn't you? Couldn't count how many there'd been buzzing around there this morning. You'd hardly think it necessary in a straightforward case like this. Still, they would have to have supporting evidence, even if she did confess. In case she retracted later. On the advice of her counsel, which sometimes happened.

The binoculars were lowered for a moment while he acknowledged the drink that Toby put down beside him.

But only for a moment, though the landscape was unenlivened just then by police activity, and tree and shrub and lapping water gave it the appearance of any other day in the year not marked by murder.

The binoculars roved again, and so did Cornwall, round to the side rail.

Hullo? There was Fry. He'd come out and sat down on his porch. Looking rather sorry for himself, he was. Poor old Fry. Probably upset at having his peace shattered. Nervy chap. Poor little Jane, perhaps one should say! Devoted little wife. Always watching to see that nothing was upsetting him. There she was now, fussing around, bending over him.

He must have a headache or something. Leaning his head on his hand. Well, hardly to be wondered at. A pretty big shock for all concerned, it was. Yes, it was a horrible affair to have happen in a little place like this where everyone knew everyone else so well, and naturally what happened to one of them mattered a good deal more than it would in some crowded place in town where you hardly knew your next-door neighbor's name.

Lunch? Well, that was very kind of Toby. If the girls would put up with him for lunch as well. It certainly was pretty gloomy down at his little humpy today.

Tucking the binoculars under his arm, Cornwall followed Toby into the dining-room.

This room, like the rest of the house, had about it an air of neglect and disuse. Dusty-dim pictures, sunburnt curtains and wallpaper, and the feeling that every piece of furniture had stood precisely there, unchangingly, for years. For a long time before she died Mrs. Pritchard had confined herself to snacks eaten in kitchen or bedroom.

Today the meal listlessly assembled by Norah was not to be eaten in peace, even such peace as might be expected in these circumstances. Hardly had Toby carved the cold beef when the Frys appeared.

CLOSE to, Edward Fry looked every bit as wan as he appeared to Cornwall at long range. He stood in the doorway, his pale, tense face regarding the feast sternly. Behind him Jane seemed to quiver like a sensitive plant ready to fold at a touch. The Frys wouldn't eat — they couldn't eat! — but they could, and did, drink a glass of beer, perching on chairs against the wall, sipping and sighing and robbing the meal of what little savor it might have had for the others.

Almost on their heels came Dal and Virginia. No nonsense about them not eating! Dal pulled up chairs and they gratefully accepted plates of beef and salad. At first, in deference to Virginia, there was a brave attempt to avoid the subject in everyone's mind, but that was soon abandoned in the face of her compulsion and healthy appetite.

"Irrationally," Toby burst out, pouring beer for Cornwall, handing bread across to Alison, spooning salad on to his own plate: "Irrationally,

Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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I feel guilty, because it was I who bought Larry. Last year. My mother wanted to give Ethel Hocking a present and thought a pup would be company for her. She left the choice to me, but why did I have to decide on an alsatian!"

"Oh, Toby, you can't blame yourself," Jane put in timidly. "You did it for the best. Sometimes one feels — if you know what I mean — that no matter what any of us does a thing is doomed to happen. Like this frightful thing to poor Boris — his fate all written long ago in the stars — if you know what I mean?"

"Yes, yes, Jane, a very comforting way to feel," Edward frowned at his wife's trite philosophy. "Blame the gods, not us."

Jane retreated and reached over and put her glass on the sideboard. With her delicately fine features and hair and skin, Jane always looked smoothly null, no matter what she wore and no matter that her figure was slim and graceful. Seated immediately behind Virginia, she seemed to merge into the pictured flowers on the wall. But then, Virginia's plump golden beauty spoke of life and more life and love and pleasure; and every man who looked at her reacted with quickened pulses and a secret excitement.

"Has anyone seen Miss Hocking this morning?" Edward wanted to know, his glance raking the table accusingly as though all but he were responsible for aid and comfort for Miss Hocking. "I can't help feeling she shouldn't be alone. Jane went down, but —"

"I've been down twice," Toby interrupted, "and so have Norah and Alison."

"Oh, well, that's all right then, because it does seem —"

"And each time she hardly opened the door. She said thank you very much but she wanted to be alone."

"She'll be alone all right," Cornwall said grimly, spearing a pickled walnut. "From now onwards, I'm afraid. Either in an asylum or in a gaol."

"H'm," Edward murmured, "and her house will be let or sold, I suppose. To a family of squalling kids possibly. Little boys shouting and shying soft-drink bottles at the rocks!"

"Oh, I don't know," Cornwall said consolingly. "It's not the sort of place for families with children. A long bus-ride to school, and no doctor handy. No, I think when Miss Hocking's cottage is vacant you'll find it's some retired person that'll buy it. Somebody that likes peace and quiet like ourselves."

Alison, deaf to the talk around her, recalled all too vividly her own visit to Miss Hocking. And, earlier, Miss Hocking returning from her trip to Fordham, making her way down the path toward home; then pausing as she caught sight of the group on the jetty and turning aside and joining them. Four or five of them had been there, with Larry's body just fished up out of the water.

Miss Hocking had stood, bare-headed and ashen of face, staring down at her dead beloved. She hadn't said a word. It seemed that they had all been struck dumb. Not one word had she said all the time. She had just stood sort of frozen and still, even when at last Toby had floundered into speech, talking about the poor dog, and Boris being dead. Everyone had been afraid to look at her then, because they knew that, of course, she knew already and knew that they must know she knew. She had just turned

away, saying half over her shoulder: "Bring him home"; and Dal and Mr. Cornwall had carried Larry's dripping body up and laid him on the back verandah.

The situation had been almost unbearably difficult during that hour before her return, when they found that her house was empty. Many and wild had been the speculations as to where she was: visions of suicide following her violent act, or some futile attempt at escape. Far more sympathy had been expended on Miss Hocking than on Boris. Yet when she had turned up, alive and voluntarily, Alison had been conscious of a stab of regret. A

Treeing Off

How one perversely likes to see
The golfer who, beside
the tee,
Spends ages over grasp
and stance,
And then hits off into a
tree.

—Ian Healy.

third death — Miss Hocking's — would have put paid to the tragedy without too much further suffering.

Later, Alison had gone down and knocked at Miss Hocking's door. A frightening silence had hung over the place, a silence in which someone was sitting behind closed doors waiting to be arrested for murder.

After a long time Miss Hocking had opened the door and stood there looking at her caller as though she were some canvasser or hawker. It hadn't been easy to blurt out: "Miss Hocking, how are you? Can I do anything for you?"

And that rejoinder spoken in a tone held rigidly level: "No, thank you, Alison, there's nothing you can do for me."

The door had shut. No, thank you, we don't want any of your wares — pity or support or understanding — today. Miss Hocking had given the same rebuff to Toby and Norah each time they had tried to enter her shattered world.

Alison, remembering, pushed away her plate and gave up all pretence of eating.

In a few minutes the entry of Grogan and Manning cut short the meal for all.

Chairs were pushed aside, people got up and stood stiffly. Like a class of children, Alison thought, at the entry of a stern teacher. It was humiliating to have to feel this placatory attitude to the police, as though some secret guilt in each one of them was stirred to life and feared discovery.

But the inspector turned the tables by affably claiming to feel guilty himself at disturbing them like this.

Toby, easy and assured, standing by his chair, told him that it was quite all right, and went on to say how grieved everyone was, not only for Mrs. McEvoy's sake, and the loss of a good friend and neighbor in her husband, but even poor Larry, he said, would be missed by them all. Everyone had made a friend of him. The pleasure was to find him as gentle as a lamb, yet looking like one of those wolves loping round their cages at Taronga Park.

Finding him dead must have completely unshinged Miss Hocking. Because she was such a grand person and any kind of violence was

totally unlike her. They were all bowled over by her tragedy. Toby spoke earnestly, as though thinking that a character reference was going to have her acquitted of murder.

Manning, standing feet apart, hands clasped behind his back, stared down at the table, at the almost vanished sirloin, the empty salad bowl and plates. His sad blue gaze seemed to say that sorry and all as they might've been for the old girl, it hadn't stopped 'em gettin' well and truly into the chow!

The inspector listened, nodded, looked round at the eight faces, their expressions sympathetic but uninvolved, and wondered whether they wouldn't look a bit more involved in a minute or two!

When Toby ended, Grogan said, "Well, as it happens, Mr. Pritchard, something's just come to our notice that's given a slightly new angle to the case."

"Oh? Really? And may one know what?"

"Certainly. It's something that begins to throw a bit of doubt on Miss Hocking being the one that shot him."

"What's that?"

"Only a small doubt, mind, but we got to take note of it."

Toby was the only one who had spoken, but a faint stir, like the very first tremor of a coming earthquake, went round the room. Heads were lifted, eyes widened, cigarettes were held suspended.

A shaft of fear shot through Alison. If it wasn't Miss Hocking — if it was really possible that it wasn't Miss Hocking — that somebody else in the house this morning, between six and seven, had shot Boris —

THE inspector was saying: "You see, down there where the rooster was killed, there was blood on the rock, and at first we naturally thought the bird had bled when the dog attacked it. But when I had a closer look at it later, I realised that wasn't so. Not a bit of it! It hadn't bled at all. See? It'd just been given a shake, like, and died."

"So what?" Toby queried, a puzzled hand in his rumpled hair. "I can't quite see how this affects the case against Miss Hocking."

"Well, you see, it makes it so we got to consider the possibility that McEvoy was shot down there."

"But the medical man said he must've died almost at once! Isn't that so?"

"That's so, all right. Yes, he didn't live many minutes after. And if there's one thing sure it's that a slight little woman like Miss Hocking never carried him up the yard and into the bedroom."

"What the hell would anyone want to carry him up for?" Cornwall wanted to know.

"You can never try to reason what a person'll do in a panic. Say this fight goes on, out of the bedroom, out through the back there, and after McEvoy's shot the other — maybe hoping he's not dead and that something might be done for him — picks him up and carries him inside, finds it's too late, that he is dead, and clears out?"

"But," Toby said again, "couldn't this blood on the rock be Larry's? Couldn't he have been wounded, hurt in some way, before he was drowned?"

"No, Mr. Pritchard, he couldn't've been — anyhow, he wasn't. We've been over him with that in mind. So if the analyst's report should tell us that the blood is McEvoy's, we got to conclude that he was carried up, dead or dying, and laid down there just inside that long window of the bedroom."

"Ergo, not by Miss Hocking," Edward said crisply. He walked over to the window and threw his cigarette butt outside. Both words and gesture, seemed to say that since their Miss Hocking was cleared of the crime they could cast the troublesome subject from them without further parley. The rest was up to the police, and present company need have no concern with it.

No one so much as glanced at Virginia or seemed to think that this widow of a few hours should perhaps have been

spared the cold-blooded discussion of these facts, and there was nothing in her appearance or manner to suggest that she herself thought so. Silent and composed, her eyes rested on each speaker in turn, as though she were interested but without opinions of her own.

"A tall order for anyone," Toby said thoughtfully. "McEvoy was by no means a light weight. And to have carried him up from the fowl-yard to the bedroom and — Was there any trail of blood on the way?" he broke off to ask.

"No. If that was the way it was, they must've staunched the blood before they lifted him. As to his weight —? Right. But how say somebody helped carry him up?"

Silenced, Toby shook a doubting head. He reached forward and took a cigarette from a packet on the table, and looked about him at the circle of faces. He wore that

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slightly irritated expression that Alison often saw on his face in the office when some troublesome problem arose, and he would shy away from it, saying: "You see to it, Alison; fix this for me."

Norah said in a minute, looking round, too, and seeming to search for light in the darkness: "And Larry's death, with that stone tied to his neck? If—if Miss Hocking didn't kill Boris, then Boris didn't necessarily kill Larry?"

"Too true," Manning agreed. "If it was somebody else that shot McEvoy, they drowned Larry to fix his mistress for the shootin'. She'd threatened it, and she'd been heard to threaten it by all and sundry."

A long silence followed on this—a silence which no one seemed able to break by yea or nay. Alison thought that to have killed Boris in a passion because he had drowned

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 65

Larry was almost an acceptable crime—almost. But to kill Boris and then Larry so as to fasten the murder on Miss Hocking—!

When at last Toby spoke, this thought, too, seemed implicit in the words he fumbled for. "Well, I'm—well, I'm—! A murder that has nothing to do with Larry! A murder by—what's the legal phrase?—by some person or persons unknown."

Alison got up quickly.

She couldn't sit there any longer with this new hypothesis suddenly brought forward. Muttering something to Toby about having prom-

ised to ring his office, she slipped out of the room.

Before the door shut on her, Grogan had turned back to Toby to say that the main purpose of their visit here was to ask about the weapon that McEvoy had been shot with.

"Look," he said, "this sporting rifle—did any of you folk know he had it and where he kept it? Mrs. McEvoy here stated earlier that she didn't know he had a gun, hadn't ever seen it."

Cornwall threw down the napkin

he was holding and felt in his pocket for cigarettes. "Hold on, Inspector," he said in a surprised tone. "The rifle? That wasn't McEvoy's, it belongs to me."

"To you, Mr. Cornwall? Is that so?"

"Yes. I only said to Mr. Pritchard a little while ago what bad luck, what appalling bad luck it was, that it should've been there in his house this morning ready to the hand of—well, now I suppose we'll have to say this person or persons unknown. But for that, they might have had this nasty rough-house and no great harm done."

"And how did McEvoy come by it?"

"A few days ago he and I were chatting as I passed his house, and he complained that a rabbit was eating his lettuce. He said, 'You've got a gun, Jeffrey, bring it along and I'll have a pot-shot at him.' So I took it round only last night. You knew I'd lent it to him, surely, Virginia?"

She looked blankly at him. "No, Mr. Cornwall, I didn't. I knew you came round last night, but I didn't see the gun."

"Well, my dear girl, naturally I don't go marching into a lady's drawing-room with a gun over my shoulder! But didn't you hear me say to Boris that I'd left it on the back verandah?" She shook her head vaguely. "Well, there it was. On the back verandah."

"Where anyone coming in or out that way could've seen it?" Grogan said.

"I suppose so, yes, just by the back door."

"So you spent the previous evening with him, Mr. Cornwall?"

"Yes."

"What was the general trend of your conversation?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, did he make any further reference to the dog, what he'd do to it if it molested his fowls again?"

"Not a word, not a word. The poor beast wasn't mentioned. We just chatted about this and that, local trivialities, you know. For instance . . ."

And so on at some length. Cornwall, endowed with a photographic memory and that fondness for the sound of his own voice which so often afflicts people who live alone, seemed to be able to recount all that had passed between him and Boris last night.

T

HE others took up the tale. There wasn't a detail of Boris' last days that wouldn't be worth the recounting for his neighbors for some time to come.

Edward Fry said he'd been in only yesterday morning, to get back some books he'd lent McEvoy. He had seemed very cheerful, no suggestion of any worries on his mind. Dal said what a damn shame it was to have to die when you'd just bought a beautiful new stereophonic, and Grogan, managing not to glance in the direction of Virginia's seductive charms, nodded and said yes, he seemed to have had plenty to live for.

Meanwhile, in Mrs. Pritchard's deserted bedroom at the other end of the hall, Alison was at grips with a tormenting problem.

All the morning, while there had been only one possible motive for Boris' death—Miss Hocking's revenge—she had put right out of her mind—no, it had hardly entered it—the thought of that man met in the house at seven o'clock with Boris lying dead in the next room. But now could she any longer keep to herself the knowledge of that early visitor? Why was he there? Who was he? This "person unknown"? That he hadn't said casually what his name was was curious in itself.

But there was an equally curious side to her own behaviour if questions were going to be asked. Why hadn't she told the detectives of his presence there just now when they said that Miss Hocking might possibly be innocent? Why! The answer was plain. Because in those few minutes this morning she had fallen for him so devastatingly that she rejected with horror the thought of suspicion falling on him.

No, that wasn't the only reason. Would anyone care to step forward and say, "I know the person you're looking for, I saw him. I talked to him there at seven o'clock this morning," when for all she knew he was every bit as innocent of the crime as she herself?

Distracted with the predicament, she walked to and fro, faced by two equally distasteful courses.

She looked up to see Toby standing in the doorway.

Toby came right in, shutting the door behind him. He looked startlingly alive in this dead room with its empty cupboards and stripped bed and the scent of long-vanished face-powder and eau-de-Cologne

To page 67



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Alison stood by the bedside telephone to which she had moved quickly on hearing a step in the hall. Better keep up the pretence. Better pretend that she was really telephoning, though she was aware how far she must look from someone engaged on humdrum office business. She lifted the receiver and thrust her finger into the dial.

Toby said: "Alison, what do you think you're doing? You rang up the office this morning and spoke to Perry for five minutes. Don't say you've forgotten?"

She dropped her hand from the receiver and sat down on the bed, conscious that her face had gone red under his scrutiny.

"Yes, I know, Toby, but I simply felt that I couldn't sit there any longer. After all we've been through this morning the strain's beginning to tell."

"Was that it? I don't think it was."

"Of course it was. Wouldn't everyone like to run away and leave the place if they could?"

"Don't try to kid me, Alison. You went quite pale in there all of a sudden. I happened to notice it and thought you were going to faint."

"Oh, Toby, do stop!" she said, clapping her hand in her hands. "It's bad enough to have those men in there without you starting."

HE came across and sat down on the bed beside her, looked at her even more searchingly, the more he saw how she avoided his gaze. "Come on, what's on your mind? I know there's something."

She was pale again now. She leant back on her elbows, shutting her eyes. Seven o'clock this morning, seeing that stranger again as he had come toward her up the narrow hall . . . "Tall and dark and handsome." A glance that was friendly and yet thrilling . . . an instant attraction that there was no rationalising . . . a flame that leapt up out of nowhere.

"Alison!" Toby's voice brought her back. She opened her eyes and sat up. His insistence had weakened her. Perhaps she should discuss it with him. Mostly his judgment about things was balanced; and there was the relief in casting your problem on somebody else and letting them decide.

Hesitantly, she told him of her meeting with Boris' early morning visitor.

Toby's face as she ended was frankly flabbergasted. If she had had any lingering hope that he might brush her story aside and advise her to say nothing for fear of inculpating an innocent person, the hope vanished now like a pricked bubble.

"Alison!" he burst out. "And you've been bottling this up all the morning!"

"All the morning!" she exclaimed to excuse herself. "How could it matter all the morning when there was nobody in anybody's mind but Miss Hocking?"

"Miss Hocking or not, you shouldn't have reasoned about it. You should've told all you know, at the very first."

She fought back once more. "With those two detectives in there ready to pounce on every word and twist it as they want to."

"Huh! They won't need to twist this much."

"Does everyone tell all they know?"

"All? Yes, if it has any connection with Boris' murder."

"You said just now it's not for us to reason about that."

He made an impatient sound. "Don't quibble, don't quibble. You must tell them at once. This is sheer idiocy." He got up and walked over to the empty fireplace and stood with his back to it, looking across at her severely.

Not Toby the easy-going holiday companion now, but Toby, the office boss, so autocratic and short-tempered with the mistakes of others, but as he had never yet had occasion to be with her.

"I'm surprised at you, Alison," he said. "You're a cautious little

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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thing. A good security risk! That's why you make such a first-rate secretary, I suppose."

His tone flicked at her. Again, she felt that flush rise in her face. She thought: Cautious, a hard thinker, a cold deliberator! Well, she didn't want to be any of those things any longer. She wanted to be in love . . . and she was . . . with a possible murderer. Whom she was now about to inform against!

Toby was saying: "The police'll hardly need to look any farther, I'd say. Which I find a very comforting thought. No more baring in here wasting our time, just catch

up on this fellow—if they can. He's probably someone connected with Boris' fairly unsavory past."

"He didn't seem that kind of person at all."

"How can you know what kind of person he was in a minute's meeting?"

"He certainly seems to have put it over you, well and truly." He shot her another of his "office" looks.

She asked hurriedly: "Was Boris' past unsavory?"

"So I've been told."

"What sort of past? Something that might lead to violence?"

"Shady behaviour in a man's life can rise up at any minute and scuttle him."

"But what, what?"

"Oh, some sort of diddling with some university funds, I believe. I don't know the details, but he had to retire and sulk down here. I expect that's why he was always such a difficult, touchy bloke to get on with." He walked to the door and waited for her to join him.

"Come on, Alison, come along. Better get it over. This story you seem so unwilling to tell!"

Back in the dining-room, Alison told the detectives of the incident of the morning. She told it in a silence that seemed to grow more and more weighted with every word she uttered as her listeners sat and stared. The strangeness of having kept the story to herself came home to her with painful force when she saw the effect of her disclosure now.

Jeffrey Cornwall, Virginia and Dal, the Frys, certainly Norah and Toby, could find no reason for her secrecy, maybe searched for none, but she guessed that the two detectives suspected some hidden motive, though no change in their expressions told her so. They just listened with that still, fixed stare, the sergeant's faintly hostile, the inspector's deceptively friendly.

The brief encounter, which had been so charged with feeling

To page 68

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1962

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for her at the time, sounded empty now. There was no little detail to give them, nothing that would aid them in their man-hunt.

No, she said, she couldn't give a helpful description of him. He was a dark man, rather tall, about thirty, no "distinguishing marks." He had been wearing a suit and a tie. They had had very little talk, except for her telling him that she had come up to get a dressing-gown for Mrs. McEvoy, and his mentioning that he was driving up to Newcastle, and that Mr. McEvoy had asked him to breakfast, that he had knocked and called but no one had answered.

The time had been shortly after seven. She knew that because she had looked at her watch when she'd been speaking to Mrs. McEvoy immediately beforehand. Yes, he had said how long he had been there. About ten minutes he said. No, he hadn't looked in the least bit caught or flustered.

Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

"Then," she said, "after a few minutes I took the dressing-gown and left."

"Leaving him at the house?" Grogan asked.

"Oh, no, he left at the same time. He said the morning was getting on and that he wouldn't wait, and as I went down to the boatshed he went up the hill. I heard his car start soon after."

"I see," Grogan's eyes rested on her, considering. A pretty little kid, he thought. And intelligent, he guessed. But she was acting pretty dumb over this affair! Sitting on this piece of information since seven o'clock this morning! Why? Had this feller put something over on her? Those big clear eyes of hers had gone a bit soft, like, when she'd tried to tell them what he looked like.

After a minute he turned to Virginia. "Well, Mrs. Mc-

Evoy, does this mean anything to you?"

Slowly, Virginia shook her head. Her face was blank, her eyes wide. "Not a thing, I just can't make it out. I've never been so surprised in my life."

"Didn't your husband tell you he'd invited a friend to breakfast?"

"No. No. Actually, he didn't invite people to the house, ever. He wasn't frightfully sociable. In fact, I might say he practically loathed social doings. And the idea of anyone at that hour, invited by him—"

"Well, he did this time. If what this feller said to Miss Burdett was a fact."

"Yes, that's what's so unaccountable."

"I wonder why your husband didn't tell you."

"I don't know, I—perhaps—"

"Looks like he had some reason for it, doesn't it? After all, an early morning visitor—a lady'd like to have a bit of notice of it, wouldn't she?"

"Yes." A faint yes, and Virginia's expression for once looked almost dim.

"Does it strike you as strange that he didn't tell you?"

"No. Yes—I mean . . ."

"Weren't you in your husband's confidence, Mrs. McEvoy?"

"Well, my husband was rather a reserved sort of man, everyone'll tell you that. Sometimes he'd be very open, and then there'd be times when he'd get quiet and moody."

"This must've been one of 'em, all right!" Manning registered the point. "And he didn't care if you were there to cook the bacon and eggs or not. Or his brother-in-law to help entertain the guest."

Dal met the sergeant's stare without apparent difficulty. Dal had done battle often with life and had learnt a lot of answers. "Oh, he wouldn't have minded about me, one way or the other," he said lightly. "I've been down there at Mr. Cornwall's a couple of nights when it's been hot. The bed on his verandah is cooler than my bedroom."

"And your sister had booked the boatshed, eh?" Manning said.

Grogan turned back to Alison. "About this dressing-gown, Miss Burdett?"

"Yes?"

"Didn't you remark to this feller when you came out from getting it, that the bedroom looked like there'd been a pitched battle in it?"

The floor seemed to cave in under Alison's feet, almost a faintness came over her. Here it was! The thing she had noticed, and not noticed, at the time, because of the spell she had fallen under from the first moment of seeing him. Fool not to have seen before that that would be the first point they would fasten on! The simple fact of his being there was nothing—nothing—compared with this that she now had to tell. Yet she couldn't lie about any detail now. Once embarked she had to go forward. Every moment that she hesitated was making these policemen more eager. They were watching her and noting her reluctance to go on.

At last she said, "I didn't go into the bedroom."

"Oh, you didn't? This dressing-gown was somewhere else in the house, was it?" Grogan said, and glanced at Virginia for confirmation.

Virginia's studied stillness showed that she gave none.

"No, it was in there," Alison said steadily. "This man—he went in and got it for me."

from page 67

"What's that? Why would that be?"

"Well . . . I suppose it was that he was nearest the door—we were standing just outside it—and he opened it and stepped inside and brought out the gown."

"And do you mean to say he didn't mention the mess-up in there?"

Another damning: "No."

"Well, my word, it's funny that he made no comment on that."

"Yes," she agreed wanly, remembering the room as it had looked when she had seen it later with Virginia. "Yes,

fully. "If he doesn't come forward at the police appeal, there's a chance that on a road like this, with practically no traffic, someone'll have noticed his car. That's our first hope."

They left soon after, soon being relative in this day in which minutes seemed hours and hours dragged their painful length along packed with tragedy and foreboding.

The detectives left those in the room all, it seemed, of the same mind, unwilling to stay together or to separate. Toby and Cornwall got drunk, broaching the last of the late Mrs. Pritchard's brandy. More than once Jane whispered to

her own basket, silently watching the dusty track under her feet.

"Looking up, she suddenly saw the detectives and stopped. A small, dry tree herself she looked, without sap, but the tougher for that."

She had just parted from Dal at the store, and he, anxious as ever to be the bearer of good news, had given her a detailed account of the latest development at the Pritchards', of the probability of Boris having been killed in the yard, not in the bedroom.

Without greeting the detectives, she said, with a small cold smile: "So you've decided that I couldn't have carried Boris McEvoy's body from the fowl-yard into the bedroom? I'm not the prize strong-woman of Bishop's Bay, Sergeant? Very perspicacious of you! Though I suppose one could think of ways without my carrying him. A wheelbarrow? A kind friend who took pity on me and carried him for me?" She turned abruptly and plunged into the downward track off the road.

Looking after her, Grogan said to Manning that he hoped the old girl wasn't overplaying her hand, and getting into the car they were driven back to town.

Up at the store next morning Alison packed her purchases into her basket, and taking up a copy of a morning paper opened it and ran her eye over the pages. The previous day's event, which had shaken her own world, was briefly mentioned on page five:

"Police investigating the shooting of Mr. Boris McEvoy at his home at Bishop's Bay early yesterday morning would like to interview a man who was seen at the scene of the murder soon afterwards. He is asked to contact the police."

Such an insignificant paragraph. Would he see it? But why, since yesterday's afternoon papers had carried the story in full, hadn't he come forward already, telephoned or come down? That question had nagged at her all through the night, except for those few hours when she had dropped asleep and dreamt that she herself, in a police-woman's uniform, was taking him into custody. She had woken up in the early morning and seen the eastern sky reddening to this hot, humid day.

It hadn't been at all difficult to interpret the dream. She was taking him into custody, shackling him to her, making him her prisoner, innocent or guilty. The dreamer wasn't concerned with moral issues, but only with the satisfying of this sudden new longing.

She folded the paper and pushed it under the handle of her basket, and picked up the basket and stepped out of the store on to the road.

Ahead lay the half-mile back to the house where Toby was nursing a hangover, and Norah, pale and reproachful, was sorting her late mother-in-law's linen. Not an alluring day in prospect.

An added silence and stillness hung over the Bay this morning. Even Jeffrey Cornwall, with the strongest binoculars, couldn't have detected the smallest sign of life in any of the houses. The very herons seemed more sluggish than usual, and the water lay motionless between its grey-green shores.

The basket was heavy, and so was the going, under the mounting sun. The air barely whispered in the gums to right and left of her, and the whisper of her footsteps in the dust had a rhythm, the rhythm of a question repeated endlessly: Who killed Boris? Who killed Boris?

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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



"The car."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

perhaps it was. But I suppose it was that we began to speak of something else and he—he didn't think to say anything about it."

"But when he went in. You were standing near, you said just now, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, didn't you catch a glimpse inside, say over his shoulder? That room fair hit you in the eye when the door opened."

"No, he shut the door."

"When he went in, while he was getting it?"

"Yes."

"And when he came out again?"

"Yes."

"Think you'll be able to run him to earth, Inspector?" Toby asked. His tone proclaimed that the case against the unknown man was presented, tried, and judged. And the look of satisfaction on every face told Alison that there were no doubters on that point.

"Well, we'll have a pretty good shot at it, Mr. Pritchard," Grogan said cheer-

ly. "If he doesn't come forward at the police appeal, there's a chance that on a road like this, with practically no traffic, someone'll have noticed his car. That's our first hope."

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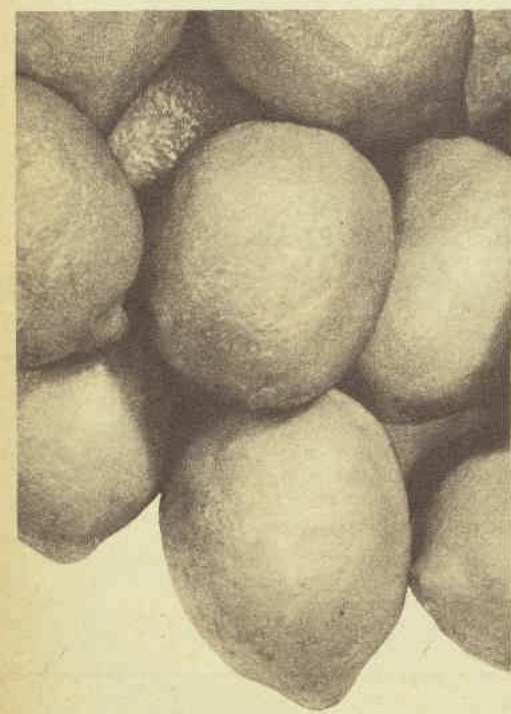
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9

Would he come forward and contact the police and say obligingly: "I killed Boris. I wouldn't let her go into that room and see my work, but bolted in ahead of her, and bolted out again and shut the door in her face?" Or would he come forward and explain — oh, how much more obligingly! — that he knew nothing of Boris' murder, that he was there just to make Boris' will, or sound his heart, or sell him life insurance, or a car?

But he had bolted into the bedroom ahead of her, and bolted out again, and shut the door in her face. There was no getting away from that fact. It couldn't look half as sinister to the police as it now looked to her in retrospect. She saw him again doing it — the urgency of his movements! — and heard again the sharp click of the door.

She reached the turn-off that led down the hillside. A car came to a halt behind her, sliding to a stop almost silently on the leaf-padded road.

She turned quickly. It was he. "There you are," he said, leaning out and hailing her as though he had expected to see her, right there, at that very moment.

Speechless at first, she stood and stared at him. Why had she thought him good-looking? He wasn't specially so. He was only just — all that she wanted him to be.

Jumping out of the car, he came across to her.

"There you are," she said slowly. "Did you think I wouldn't come?" he took her up quickly.

IN other words: Did she think he had murdered Boris?

"I rather thought you wouldn't, since you didn't come yesterday."

"I didn't know about it yesterday."

"The police are down at the McEvoy's now." She nodded toward their cars drawn up farther along the road.

"They can wait. Put me in the picture a bit, will you, before we go down?"

"Didn't you see yesterday afternoon's papers?"

"No. I was staying with friends I hadn't seen for a long time, and we sat talking and had dinner and went to bed. Then this morning this paragraph caught my eye."

"Then you don't know—" She paused.

"I don't know any details."

"—that he was found dead by his wife and me a few minutes after you left yesterday morning?"

He shook his head, and shook his head again; and shook his head again; while she watched him searchingly, and he looked back at her, half as though he were listening carefully and half as though following another train of thought.

She told him the story of yesterday's happenings, of Miss Hocking and the drowning of her dog; of her feud with Boris; and of how, at the beginning, no one had thought for a minute that it could be anyone but she; and then of how the doubt had arisen; and then—

"So I told the police," she ended, "about you being there, because I thought you might have seen or heard something that could help them."

"Or might even have killed him myself, eh?"

"You as well as any of us," she bravely admitted.

"Not really because — and I hope I'll be able to convince the police of the fact—I've never set eyes on the man in my life."

The extent to which she had wished him innocent was made plain to her by the relief that swept over her at his words. She turned aside and put her basket down on a patch of grass.

But even by the time she faced him again, her first relief had flown. What else would he say? What else could he say? He was facing a charge of murder perhaps, and with not a witness to speak against him except herself; she would have to be the first to be blinded and bamboozled.

Just as yesterday she had felt his strong attraction for her, so now she found herself thinking not of murder, nor of Boris and who shot him and why, but of this unknown man standing a pace away from her, and noting the even-toned brown

Continuing . . .

MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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skin, the dark, straight hair, the cut of his lips at the corners, and the expression in his eyes as they rested on her, an expression that said he was as attracted by her as she by him.

But of course that last would have to be so for his purpose!

Her tone was guarded when she spoke. "If you've never seen Boris McEvoy, why did you tell me he'd asked you to breakfast?"

"Because he had."

"Really?"

"Yes, on the telephone the night before. He made quite a thing of it."

"Why? What for?" she pressed. "Why were you talking on the telephone at all? What was it about?"

He took out cigarettes, held the packet out, and at her headshake took one out himself and lit it.

"Hold on," he said, "you can't expect to be chief witness for the prosecution and examining counsel, too! I'll have quite enough questions to answer presently. Did you give a full description of me?"

She looked back at him unflinchingly. "Yes."

"Well, well! I could've done the

same about you. I could've told them not only what you had on, but that your eyes were green-hazel, wonderful with your brown hair. I could've told them that you looked a bit sombre, but I guessed you'd be someone quite different when you smiled. I didn't see you smile. Perhaps I'm not going to. There's not much to smile about at the moment, is there?"

"No, there isn't. I'm afraid it'll seem that no one but you could have done it. Alone there, at that hour."

"I'm rather afraid of that, too," he said grimly.

"Unless you can prove that you really didn't know him."

"I should be able to prove that, all right. But—there's Virginia."

"You mean, you do know her?"

"I do." He looked past her, down the hill to the top of the McEvoy's roof seen through the trees. "I was her first husband. She was Mrs. Stephen Talbot for two years."

"Virginia?" she said slowly, but thought swiftly. This won't help him at all! Virginia. That ravishing vision lying asleep in the boatshed. She had known vaguely, of course, that Virginia had been married before, but that it should have been to him!

"Yes, we were married when she was eighteen and I was twenty-eight. We'd been divorced for six months when she married McEvoy."

To be continued



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The fourth mate was leaning over the chart-table watching. "Call the Old Man," the mate told him, "and get the bridge boy to call all hands at once—and that includes the stewards."

Bernie's voice was reassur-

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4934448>

Continuing . . . FLIGHT 591

from page 72

Blue Pacific Airways, Flight 591, leaving Nandi 0100 local time for Auckland, with 37 passengers aboard and unable to maintain height. Aircraft ditched within sight of vessel, but in darkness at 1725 G.M.T. latitude 33deg. 06' south, longitude 175deg. 43' east. No trace of survivors or wreckage after 3 hour search. Master.

"That seems to cover everything, sir." The mate was thinking that for once he wasn't at all looking forward to making port.

Late that evening the Corn-

off, approaching rapidly. The aircraft passed by the slowly moving ship at about two hundred feet and losing height. They watched the lights sink until, suddenly, they disappeared in a veil of dimly visible white spume.

The Cornwallis steamed rapidly toward the crash. There should have been no difficulty in fixing the position of the aircraft—a radar bearing and distance would be accurate to within several yards.

"Is it showing on the radar, Mr. Evans?" asked the captain.

"No, sir." The fourth had his face pressed against the rubber face-piece of the radar screen. "It didn't give any echo at all." A telephone shrilled and he moved to answer it. "From the wireless-room, sir," he called. "They say they have received nothing further from the aircraft."

"Thank you." The captain rang the engine telegraphs to Stop. "We must be about there by now," he said to the mate.

"I think so, sir." He was scanning the dark expanse of sea through binoculars. "But I can't see anything . . ." As the plane had crashed he had taken a compass bearing to guide the ship to the spot if nothing had shown on their radar. It had been hard to judge exactly how far ahead the aircraft had been when it hit the water, but, as the captain had said, they must be close now. Apart from her normal steaming lights, the ship was once more in darkness, allowing the officers a better chance of seeing anything that might be visible.

"Send the boats away now," ordered the captain, "the leeward one first and then the other as I turn to give it a lee. Tell them—No, they know what to do without my saying anything."

"Aye, aye, sir." The mate looked at his watch. Five-twenty-nine.

Six minutes later both boats were away; he watched their lights bobbing up and down, at times entirely disappearing in the trough of the waves. Considering the sea that was running, they had done well. He realised for the first time that it was now beginning to get light; the white-painted sides of the

boats were faintly visible against the dark grey of the sea. But of the aircraft there was no sign.

For three hours the two boats and the ship searched the area. They found nothing—not even a piece of wreckage or a trace of fuel on the water.

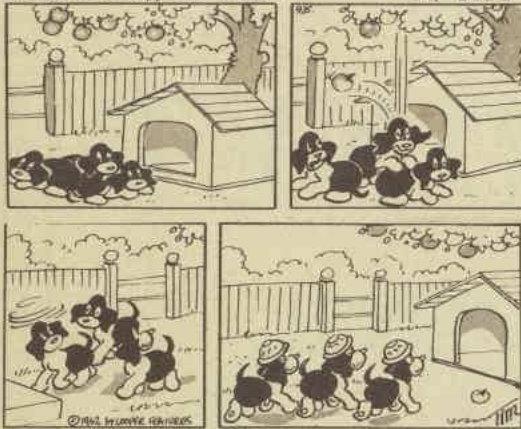
"It's incredible," exclaimed the captain as he ordered the fourth officer to signal the boats to return. "It's unbelievable that an aircraft of that size, with thirty-seven passengers and several crew, could disappear within a couple of miles of us without any trace." He looked at the mate.

"I know, sir." The mate was still feeling the terrible impotence of the moment when he had first realised

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



that it was all over; that they were spectators, powerless to help.

Half an hour later the ship was steaming at full speed on her original course to Auckland, with both lifeboats secured once more. The mate was returning to his cabin when the captain called him up to the bridge. Passing him a radio message pad, he said, "Read this, please, and tell me if you think there's anything I've missed."

The mate took the pad; it read: "To ZLD Auckland Radio. At 1656 G.M.T. received distress message from

wallis berthed at Auckland.

The captain had asked the chief officer to his cabin, and together they met the local manager for Blue Pacific Airways and an officer who represented the New Zealand air-sea rescue service. They introduced themselves and sat down.

The mate, who was watching Mr. Hardie, the airline manager, closely, was surprised to see how easily he appeared to be taking the blow his company had suffered.

It was Hardie who began. "I should like to thank you,

spring flowers. He asked in real curiosity. "Do you ever suffer from spring fever, Kay?"

They had passed the violets. There wasn't any reason why Alistair Hale should buy her violets. "I used to."

Alistair sighed. "Yes, it's time I grew out of it, too." He jabbed in his pocket for his train ticket. "Or I'll end up dating Cheryl, or something equally disastrous."

She said with careful impartiality: "Why don't you, if you want to? She's an attractive girl."

He laughed. "Attractive baggage, you mean."

Kay gave a delighted smile. "Baggage, by all means. I didn't know how far your feelings were involved."

"You know, Kay"—he guided her out of the station—"I haven't got there yet, but I see looming, all too clearly, the time when I start chasing young baggages. Just to prove I'm still a fascinating fellow."

"I wouldn't worry." She stood obediently by him while he hailed a cab. "Not while young baggages still chase you." When they were in the cab she said: "Talking of baggages, did you see—" and

To page 74

Continuing . . . NO VIOLETS

from page 31

a fish-knife but she'll want to go to Pierre's. She will also repeat every word I say to the other typists. Better not risk it. Far better to place himself beyond temptation's scarlet nails and take Kay Herriott out to lunch.

He took a longer stride. "Hello, Kay."

"Hello, Alistair." Was she ever breathless with surprise? Did that firm mouth ever soften or drop unguardedly open? He couldn't imagine it. She was direct, intelligent, and possessed of a nice sense of humor, but she lacked what he thought of as "womanliness." Even Cheryl, in her clumsy, greedy efforts to better herself, invoked a tenderness in him that Kay had never stirred.

"Can you lunch with me today?"

"Oh, dear!" she said, but not as though it were any calamity. "I can't. I'm lunching with my boy."

"Boy?" "My boy" was what his typists called their current romances. He had an absurd vision of Kay, so elegant and fastidious, holding hands with some green and gangling youth.

"My son Johnny." She smiled up at him without coquetry. "He's the only man in my life."

Now, no true female would admit as much, Alistair thought, vaguely annoyed. Why does she have to come out with such flat-footed statements about her lack of—well, whatever it is she lacks? She's thirty-one now; she ought to know that no man wants a wallflower. He said conventionally, "He must be a big boy now."

"Nearly nine." The arches of the station curved above their heads, black with the grime of years. Kay could never remember them clean, and she had been walking under them for sixteen years. All except those five years she had struggled to hold her marriage together, believing in spite of the mass of evidence to the contrary that Tony was worth it.

And through all those years the same woman had sold violets, every spring, by the tobacco kiosk. Kay smiled slightly, remembering how she used to dream, coming back from business college, of a handsome stranger who would snatch up a bunch of violets and press them into her hand.

"Spring is with us." Alistair nodded at the heaped

Unless you believe there's some connection between the aircraft you say you saw crash this—or rather, as it is now, yesterday—morning, and the one due to leave tonight." He looked round at the other men for support. "That's fantastic!"

For a moment there was silence in the cabin. Hardie shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Anyway," he went on, "it doesn't add up. Our flight leaves at 2200, not 0100; there are forty-one passengers, not thirty-seven; and our only American pilot won't be on the flight."

The captain stood up. "You're right, I suppose," he said wearily. "Let me get you a drink." The mate watched sympathetically as he moved over to his cocktail cabinet. Poor old boy, he thought, he looks years older, and no wonder.

There was a knock on the door. It was the night steward. "There's a young lady to see a Mr. Hardie, sir," he said. "She says she's the

night duty hostess for Blue Pacific Airways."

"Bring her in." The hostess was an attractive girl dressed in the uniform of Blue Pacific Airways. She smiled at the captain, walked demurely across to Hardie, and handed him a buff post office envelope.

"This will be from Nandi confirming Flight 591," said the manager, ripping it open. He pulled out the sheet of paper.

"Flight 591," he read aloud, "leaving airport at 0100 due to last-minute sickness of Captain Morgan who will be relieved by Captain Turnlow. Family Taylor cancelled so now thirty-seven passengers. Blue Pacific Airways."

Hardie's voice broke as he came to the end. He looked wildly at his watch and then at the men in the cabin.

"It's too late to stop that flight," he said hoarsely. "It has already left."

(Copyright)

HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant
HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR



There's a bright gleam in fashion's eye this spring. Designers are showing real zeal in the new styles, there's a lively zing in the new season's colours and a gay zest in the new fashion trends generally. So it's time to whisk yourself out of your dreary winter doldrums, and be a beautiful part of the spring scheme!



If you haven't yet discovered the thrill of trying a new hair colour, this is the very first step to take towards your brand new look for spring. The wonderful way to set off the spark that brings alive your own natural hair beauty is with L'Oreal of Paris Color-Glo, the only hair colouring which is so easy, so effortless and so rewarding. And Color-Glo has many lovely advantages—it looks exquisitely natural, lasts through several shampoos, doesn't rub off or stain, and leaves your hair feeling like silk.



It's almost unbelievable what a difference fifteen minutes can make (that's all the time it takes to transform your hair with Color-Glo), and you just can't make a mistake, because it's as easy to use as a shampoo.

Just close your eyes for a moment, and picture your hair sparkling with sunny titian highlights . . . gleaming with spicy brown or glowing gold . . . shimmering (if your hair is grey) with the flattering sheen of pure silver. These are promises that Color-Glo makes—and keeps.

There are twelve shades in the Color-Glo range—nine for natural hair colours from blonde to brunette, and three for grey hair—all lovely, translucent shades which will bring a springtime sparkle to your hair.

With any type of hair colouring, it is important to use a soapless shampoo, as other shampoos leave a film on the hair and prevent perfect colour penetration. I always recommend L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula and guaranteed soapless—a perfect partner-in-beauty for Color-Glo. You'll find Color-Glo and L'Oreal Shampoo at all pharmacies, hairdressers and selected stores.

If you have any hair beauty problems, why not write and tell me about them? Enclose a 2 inch snippit of your hair if you'd like my suggestions on the Color-Glo shade you should use.



Sincerely
Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory
Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins
Street, Melbourne.

CG3

swung entertainingly into a description of a TV performer she had seen the night before.

Alistair had guessed from her conversation that she watched a lot of television. He had a sudden depressing picture of her seated at home night after night in front of a television set, or with a book. It was a pity such an agreeable woman should have to live the whole of life at second-hand.

He was guiltily conscious that he could change things for her, but he wasn't going to try. Probably because the whole office expected him to do something about Kay. They were such an obvious match. Too obvious. He had always loathed the obvious. That was why he always had to overcome a certain reluctance to approach her, though he felt a pang of regret when they parted.

He liked her face—it showed character, and pride, and humor—but it was a face to haunt his dreams. It was the face of a sensible woman, with her emotions—well under control, and as such would never inspire in him the desperate need called love.

He did not realise that Kay was fully aware of his feelings and they caused her a great deal of wry amusement. "Look," she felt like saying, "you needn't feel guilty because you can't fall in love with me! If your face can't light up when I enter a room I'd as soon go without. And stop thinking of me as 'poor Kay.' I have a full life, and a beloved son, and the only thing the world owes me—by my peculiar reckoning—is a bunch of violets . . ."

Continuing . . . NO VIOLETS

from page 73

She pressed a button and her secretary appeared. "Yes, Mrs. Herriott?"

"Both the Amberley files, please, John."

Odd, she mused, what a thing I've built up about those violets. I've never bought a suit without thinking how violets would look in the lapel—but I couldn't buy them myself, any more than I could have bought a wedding ring. To me they've always been a symbol of a special kind of love—pure, selfless, sincere. What an idiot Alistair would think me if he knew that was the one thing I've never forgiven Tony—that he bought me violets.

At lunchtime she left her office

early, to find that Alistair had done the same thing, and was waiting by the lift. They both gave the bright, guilty smile of two people who have been trapped in the act of trying to avoid each other. Now I'll have to offer a lift, Alistair was thinking, while she thought, drat it, now I'll have to share his taxi if he's going my way. He offered, she accepted graciously, and the lift-man thought—as he had once embarrassingly remarked while they were still within earshot—that Mrs. Herriott and Mr. Hale made a lovely couple.

In the taxi the female half of

the lovely couple studied the pensive profile of the other out of the corner of her eye. If I'd met him at a party, she decided, I'd have been attracted, and had I tried to attract him he'd probably have taken me home and a completely different relationship would have been established. But it's too late to send out signals now.

At her sudden involuntary chuckle he turned his head, intrigued. "What's amusing you so much?"

She dodged answering.

"This is where I get out."

There was Johnny, looking pink and scrubbed and eager, unnaturally neat in his school uniform. He was standing with his hands behind his back, as though on parade. School regulations, perhaps? It didn't look very comfortable.

She was so engrossed that she didn't notice that Alistair had left the cab, too, and was close enough behind her to witness her meeting with her son. Nice kid, he thought, and was glad to see by Johnny's wide, happy grin that Kay's devotion was returned.

He heard the boy say, "Happy birthday!" and saw him produce with a bland air of triumph the flowers he had been hiding behind his back. Violets. Alistair looked from mother to son benignly. Now Kay would say thank you, give an indulgent maternal smile.

But she didn't. Her face went pale, as if with shock, and he saw her mouth tremble and the glint of tears in her eyes. He thought, astounded: But this isn't Kay. This is not the calm, remote Kay I know. How does she come to wear the face of a young girl with her first bouquet.

He heard the boy say worriedly, "Don't you like them?"

"Darling"—no one hearing her could have doubted that she meant it—"it's the loveliest gift I have ever had."

That tender, turbulent face, Kay? This woman with starry eyes and a tremulous mouth, and violets in her hands? Alistair stood staring at her in wonder, deeply moved. He thought humbly: Nor had I noticed the true color of violets until now. How could I have been so blind for so long?

His own voice sounded strange to him. "You didn't tell me it was your birthday."

Her frail, beautiful hands cupped the violets to her face. I will never see her now, he thought despairingly, other than with the eyes of love, but how will she see me?

"The birthday of my life is come," she quoted dreamily.

He recognised the phrase from Christina Rossetti. " . . . my love is come to me?"

"Oh!" The eyes that looked into his were suddenly aware and vulnerable. "I'd forgotten that's what follows."

"That's what follows," he said firmly. He turned, a little nervously, to her son. "Johnny, it occurs to me that we all might celebrate your mother's birthday at Pierre's. Is that all right with you?"

Johnny had been looking at him speculatively, and now he smiled. It was a smile Alistair found endearing, probably because it was so like Kay's. Definitely because it was so like Kay's.

"It's all right with me," he said.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

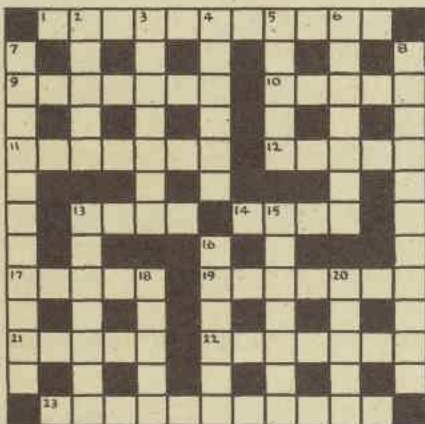
THIS week Mandrake, with his faithful servant, Lothar, begins a strange and exciting adventure. At police headquarters, the chief is discussing Mandrake with a Mr. Briggs. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Such troublesome misleadings are fishy (3, 8).
9. Made suitable for dead Pat (7).
10. No disturbed bees are fat (5).
11. Ash-colored organ of vision (4, 3).
12. Rescued with a centre of Latin greeting (5).
13. Kiln for drying hops (4).
14. There may be arts in a star, but here they are traitors (4).
17. Vision, the back of which is outwardly mad (5).
19. French city, the bridge of which is famous as a dancing place (7).
21. Such paper is provided with straight lines (5).
22. Vulcanite into bee (7).
23. It sounds sweet, but it is not a restful place (5-3, 3).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Obliterate (5).
3. Tradesmen typically mad (7).
4. North American Indians (3, 3).
5. Sacred images with study in the centre (5).
6. Good for feeding dogs, baiting fish, or as armor for legs (7).
7. They are hard jobs, but the salesman is pleased with them (5, 6).
8. Sign of submission (6, 5).
13. To lay so that the edge of one rests on that of another (7).
15. Fatty, starting with a plunge (7).
16. Chief ingredients are powder, lipstick, and rouge (4-2).
18. The boy turns to me for a decoration (5).
20. Din is inside (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7635



F7635. — Trim two-piece with tiny pleated frill in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7622. — Figure-flattering one-piece dress with short or three-quarter sleeves in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, short sleeves (B), 3½yds. 36in. material; three-quarter sleeves (A), 2½yds. 54in. material. Both styles 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 3/9.



F7622



F7706

F7669. — Pretty sun suit and mob cap beach hat in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. frilled beading, 2yds. lace, 1½yds. ribbon. Price 3/9.

F7706. — Overblouse with hip ruffle and shorts set in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7442. — Playsuit for sunbathing, in teenage sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/6.



F7442



695

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 695.—FROCK Dainty summer frock cut out to make in printed check cotton with a rose design. Colors are turquoise with white, avocado with white, and rose-pink with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage on all sizes, 4/6.

No. 697.—HOUSECOAT Housecoat or morning frock cut out to make in polished cotton. Colors are apple-green with grey, aqua with grey, and pink with grey, all on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

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696



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